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Together

Six pages of pictures from

DENVER CONFERENCE

FISHIN': Eight pages in color

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families July 1960

MRS V H KING
DREW UNIVERSITY
MADISON N J

A Family of Dunebuggers—see page 77

"Seeing the crowds...

He Went Up on the Mountain..."

O come, let us sing to the Lord;
let us make a joyful noise to the
rock of our salvation!
In his hand are the depths of the
earth; the heights of the mountains
are his also.
The sea is his, for he made it;
for his hands formed the dry land.

—PSALMS 95:1, 4-5

WHETHER in the mountains or beside the sea, singing "a joyful noise" to the Lord seems most natural when done in the simple beauty of the outdoors. Such settings lend to worship a unique, spiritual quality not always apparent in an indoor church service. Against a majestic natural backdrop, God's creative power shines forth clearly. Here the vitality of his creation inspires in all who worship a deep reverence, joy, and peace.

Throughout the U.S. each summer, Methodist children, youths, and adults experience this abiding fellowship with each other and Communion with God through the church's camp program. Thousands share the facilities of more than 180 Methodist-owned camp sites, as varied as America itself, which have been built on lake and ocean shores, in mountain valleys, on rolling ridges, even on flat plains and warm desert sands.

As visiting speaker at a Methodist Youth Fellowship camp in Montana, the Rev. Irving L. Smith of Stillwater, Okla., captured on film the magic mood of this typical early-morning outdoor Communion service. The setting was beautiful Flathead Lake, where even in midsummer the neighboring Rocky Mountain peaks wear caps of glistening snow. The towering peaks, the placid lake, the whispering forest, and rainbow-hued flowers all speak one message—of God and his dynamic creation.

Together

. . . an inspirational friend to children

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For further information write to
Together, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

Twenty minutes until church starts and the boys wait patiently. Mom sets the oven clock for 12:30 and dad adjusts his new blue tie. Max and Rex examine a *Together* cover.

Then with a slip of the thumb a grand array of sparkling pages unfold—for according to reports from thousands of parents, teens and small fry are digging for inspirational treasures under *Together's* cover.

"Max, Rex, Greg. Come now, we're ready for church. You can look at *Together* when we get home . . . oh Greg, your new suit is wrinkled!"

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—John Wesley (1703-1791)

IN TIMES PAST we'd encountered him in a lecture hall or a newspaper office, strolling across a college campus, hurrying through an airport terminal, or—as happened some six years ago—in a hospital where he won out over a near-fatal heart attack. Sometimes the mail turns up his handwritten letters, signed "Jesse Stuart," from W-Hollow in the Kentucky hills. Latest word is that he's headed for a year's teaching assignment at American University in Cairo, Egypt. Thus, the author of *What America Means to Me,* this month's *Reader's Choice* [page 18], will add another chapter to his life as poet, short-story writer, novelist, farmer, lecturer, schoolteacher, and administrator.

It took a lot of spunk for this penniless mountain boy to get an education and return to his native hills to teach other boys and girls. Education was an obsession with the Stuarts.

"I could make some changes in the piece now, but won't," the author tells us. "For instance, when I wrote it, four of us were teachers. Now the last one, mother of seven, has become a teacher. . . . My oldest sister gets her degree in June. She is 55."

It is paradoxical that this family's dedication to education was inspired by a father who couldn't write his own name, but wanted desperately for his children to have the advantages denied him. He handed down, too, the Methodist heritage which Jesse Stuart carries on today; and the story of that father will be told by his son later in a book.

When we saw Don Baldwin's photo on page 29, we blinked our eyes and wondered if we were seeing right. The handsome Drew Seminary student who takes part in the discussion on *Should Marilyn Marry . . . Or Should She Go to College?* certainly is carrying skis. But where, oh where, is the snow? A phone call to him solved the mystery. His home is in California, where skiing slopes aren't far away from grass and green trees. "I was just getting ready to go skiing," Don explained, "when someone snapped my picture."

Sakai Kobayashi, whose ordeal and conversion is told in *Kamikaze for God* [page 48], may not be exactly typical, yet there are more than 350,000 Japanese Christians in his home islands today. The Methodist Church has been active in Japan since 1873 and for the last 19 years has been working with other Protestant churches in the United Church of Christ. Today Methodism, through its Division of World Missions and Woman's Division of Christian Service, supports 140 missionaries and operates 14 schools, two with more than 10,000 students each.

Our Cover: a fascinating action sport. For more great George P. Miller shots, see page 77.

—YOUR EDITORS.

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Together 740 N. RUSH STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS
Telephone: Michigan 2-6431

Together continues *Christian Advocate*, founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence.

Together is called "the midmonth magazine for Methodist families" because it reaches subscribers by the 15th of the month preceding the date of issue. It is published by the Methodist Publishing House. (Second-class postage has been paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.)

Editor: Leland D. Case • *Executive Editor:* Richard C. Underwood • *Art Editor:* Floyd A. Johnson • *Associates:* Paige Carlin, Helen Johnson, Parker B. Lusk, Ira M. Mohler, Charles E. Munson, H. B. Teeter • *Assistants:* Else Bjornstad *(research)*, Carol Scott Carlson *(production)*, George P. Miller *(photos)* • *Business Manager:* Warren P. Clark • *Advertising Manager:* John H. Fisher • *Circulation Manager:* Alan M. Deyoe, Jr.

Manuscripts: Authors should enclose postage for return—and address all editorial correspondence to the Editorial Department.

Advertising: For rates, write to the Advertising Department.

Subscriptions: Order through your local Methodist church. The basic rate under the All Family Plan is 65¢ a quarter ($2.60 a year) billed to the church. Individual subscriptions are $4 a year in advance. Single copy price is 50¢.

Change of Address: Five weeks' advance notice is required. Send old and new address and label from current issue.

Vol. IV, No. 7; copyright 1960 by Lovick Pierce, Publisher.

"Guide us, O Almighty God!" In a strong voice belying his 97 years, retired Bishop Herbert Welch delivers the invocation.

Once every four years, the General Conference:

This Time It Was

By H. B. TEETER

A VISITOR, seated high in Denver's giant Municipal Auditorium, whistled softly in surprise.

"So this is how you Methodists get things done!" he exclaimed.

As if in answer, some 800 hands went up in the busy arena below. Actually, it was only a unanimous vote to extend debate—but from high above the 1960 General Conference floor it looked as if a stand of corn had sprouted instantaneously in a half-acre field.

"Mr. Chairman!"

A delegate from the Northeastern Jurisdiction strode to a microphone in an aisle. "I would call the chair's attention to——"

"I am sorry, brother; the delegate from the Philippines has the floor."

In this manner, for 10 days (and sometimes nights) the General Conference in Denver went about the business of The Methodist Church. The high shoulders of the snow-topped Rocky Mountains backgrounded the scene, against which men and women from some 40 countries worked from April 27 until May 8 to formulate official policies for our denomination.

But it wasn't all business. An entertainment high light was a Broadway-quality historical pageant produced by Methodist-related University of Denver in co-operation with the General Conference and the Rocky Mountain Conference centennial committee. On May 4, an oratorio, *The Invisible Fire,* was presented by the Denver Symphony Orchestra and the Festival Chorus of the University of Colorado. Willis Page, conductor of the Nashville, Tenn., Symphony Orchestra, directed the oratorio, which was presented as a report by the 25 boards and agencies of the church.

More than eight inches of snow drifted down on the mile-high city to greet—among others—delegates from the tropics who had never before seen the white flakes. Impartially, the snow fell on summer-weight suits, turbans, Fifth Avenue styles, and colorful saris.

Between business sessions, in corridors circling the arena, passers-by overheard bits of conversation in many accents and many tongues:

"Hi, Bill—you still on a district?"

"No, I'm back practicing Christianity. I'm preaching again. . . ."

"When did you arrive in the States?"

"In January. I'll be going back this fall. . . ."

"And how's fishing in the Ozarks? . . ."

"Where's the Conference post office, *The Daily Christian Advocate* office, First Aid? . . ."

"I'd like you to meet Mrs. Maria Dias of Angola, the first woman delegate from Africa to attend a Conference. . . ."

Moving among these delegates was a slight, bespectacled, smiling man, Ernst Scholz of West Berlin, one of the rare pastors permitted by the Communists to come and go between the western and eastern sectors of that divided city. Present, too, were a bishop from India's lovely, twin-like daughters, who shyly parted the curtains to peer into the crowded auditorium. Their brown eyes sought their father, a dark man seated between two silvery-haired American bishops.

"We're going to enter school here in America," they announced proudly.

People. Cameras. Throngs of delegates and alternates. And, never to be forgotten, the cab driver who inquired of his fare, "How long will you Baptists be in town?"

The press was there, too, for the 1960 General Conference made world news. There were newspaper reporters, press-association writers, TV crews, radio men. What would be Methodism's stand on the crucial issues of the day? What had this church of 10 million souls to say in times like these?

As they waited for the answers to be hammered out, delegates busied themselves at their tasks. In the auditorium rose the whisper and hum of lowered voices, the rustle of papers on the long delegation desk. Beyond the desks and the broad platform glowed the great lighted cross of Christianity.

The Council of Bishops, composed of those prayerful and thoughtful men seated on the speakers' platform, had

Denver

Bishop William C. Martin delivers the Episcopal Address, *traditional "state of the church" message.*

Lawyer-layman Charles C. Parlin reads proposals of commission on Jurisdictional problems.

MIS-TER Chairman! Every delegate could have his say—and many took full advantage of the privilege to be heard.

The chairman's gavel raps sharply, a delegate asks for the floor—and Methodism again settles down to handle the pressing issues of the day.

A Missouri churchman puts the wheels of Methodism's 1960 General Conference in motion with his suggestion.

A story in photos, showing how an idea is (or is not) translated into action by a democratic church at work.

Irwin Raut of Sedalia, Mo., a retired teacher, mailed in his memorial to the Conference last February. Now he awaits the verdict. Here's what happened:

had their say in the Episcopal Address delivered for them on the first evening by Bishop William C. Martin of the Dallas-Fort Worth Area. The Conference could take the Council's message —all, part, or none of it. [For high lights, see page 75.] The bishops, seated in positions of honor, could only observe, for they are voteless and take no part in debate.

If bishops are voiceless, not so the hundreds of nondelegates back home who made themselves heard weeks or months in advance. They were those Methodists who sent in petitions for consideration by one of 15 Conference standing committees. These petitions are usually referred to as memorials; the presentation of one is the privilege of any Methodist member who wishes a voice in the affairs of his church.

The 1960 memorials ranged from suggestions on such complicated problems as the Jurisdictional system to that of a typical petitioner, 83-year-old Irwin Raut of Sedalia, Mo., who last February memorialized the Conference:

"[Last] summer it was my privilege to visit John Wesley's Chapel in London, England. It was a great disappointment to note that some of the windows were of beautiful art glass and others were of plain translucent glass. This not only spoiled the appearance of the chapel, but to my mind it is a reflection on The Methodist Church and a disrespect for its founder. I bring the matter to the attention of the General Conference in the hope that steps will be taken to provide proper windows throughout Wesley's Chapel."

A General Conference of The Methodist Church is a ponderous body, but never too big or too busy to overlook such a matter as panes of glass in a shrine thousands of miles away.

As expected, however, the big issue before the Conference ranged around the question of how 10 million Methodists should be organized. Essentially, the question was how rapidly the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction is to be assimilated into the other, geographical Jurisdictions.

After long and sometimes warm debate, the Conference voted to accept the recommendation of a 70-man committee that the present system be continued. [For this and other action, see the news columns on page 69; for background, see *How Should Methodists Organize?* (May, 1959, page 17.)]

Unrivaled by any similar convention in Protestantism, the General Conference is an elective body which may be compared with the U.S. House of Representatives. It is complete with 15 standing committees, differences of opinion, strict rules of parliamentary procedure, even a smattering of cloakroom politics.

To prepare for the Denver Conference, the 180 members of host Bishop Glenn R. Phillips' committee went to work two years in advance. There were hotel reservations to arrange for the hundreds of delegates and visitors. Thousands of letters were written, more thousands of tickets printed. Bishop Phillips co-ordinated a work-horse General Conference Committee of four men headed by Gerald L. Schlessman and including the Rev. William A. Hubbard, chairman of the program division, Willard Bozett, treasurer, and the Rev. Lowell B. Swan, chairman of the equipment and auditorium committee.

Mr. Swan, for example, worked with other members to purchase nearly 1,000

"The chapel caretaker," he wrote, "told me there weren't funds available to keep this Methodist shrine in better repair . . ."

His petition reached Mrs. Leon Moore, wife of the Conference secretary (standing). She directed it to . . .

. . . the Reference Committee, where members decide which of 15 standing committees will study it for rejection or action on the floor. . . .

The Lay Activities and Temporal Economy Committee was picked. Its decision: air the memorial before General Conference. . . .

So Mr. Raut's voice is heard throughout the world when Ray Nichols of Vernon, Tex., committee chairman, brings his idea to the Conference's attention. This, however, was one suggestion which did not pass.

red and green upholstered chairs, at an average of $13 each, so delegates could deliberate in colorful comfort. (Churches in and around Denver were arranging to buy the chairs after the Conference—at bargain rates, since the price advanced sharply after their wholesale purchase.) A 12-man Entertainment Commission was made up of representatives from every part of the nation.

While long-range plans went on in Denver, churches across the nation and around the world were preparing for the Conference, picking their most capable and dedicated men and women to represent them. By and large, the delegates would be the cream of Methodism's crop—and the auditorium showed it when Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy, Council of Bishops' president, pounded his Hawaiian gavel on opening day.

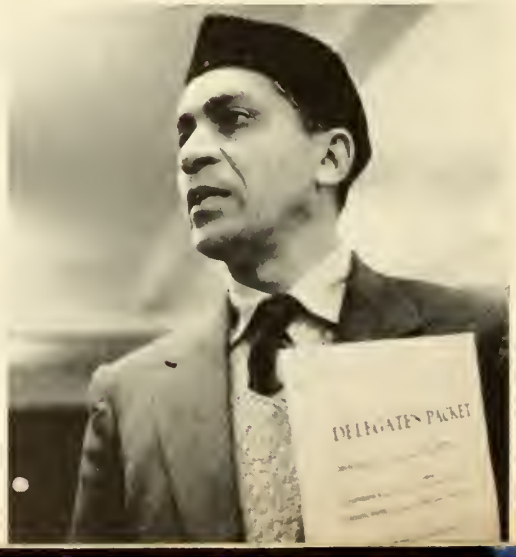
In composite, any General Conference is half ministerial, half lay. The latter group usually includes businessmen, lawyers, bankers, and a scattering of farmers and laborers. At Denver, too, were 71 women—housewives, businesswomen, WSCS leaders. The male delegate was usually in his 50s, well-dressed (on the conservative side). He was apt to wear glasses; and he had known, long before coming to Denver, pretty well where he and his home church stood on many of the issues confronting the Conference.

But to attempt to build a typical, composite Methodist delegate is folly. There wasn't one. There never can be. In such diversity, observers at Denver saw both the power and promise of world-wide Methodism.

Among the many foreign visitors in attendance at Denver were Florence and Violet Singh, daughters of Bishop Mangal Singh of Bombay. Here the girls enjoy a shopping expedition in an ultramodern store.

On hand for the opening session was On Kin, a pastoral delegate from Burma.

Victor C. Browne, lay delegate from India, flew to Denver from his homeland.



Land of Promise, *a pageant, proved a smash hit. Above: pageant writer Russell Porter coaches performers who played John Wesley, Methodism's founder, Mary Goode, and John Evans, who pioneered Colorado.*

The gold-rush fever died years ago at fabulous Central City, but the historic Methodist church—oldest Protestant edifice still in use there—provides the background for many an ardent scene snapper.

A lunch break sends delegates on varying errands. B. Clyde Clark, 91, oldest conferencer (above), heads for lunch while Donna Esbaugh, 24, the youngest (left), heeds the siren call of new-hat shopping.

"Because I was feeling under par, my doctor started me on Postum!"

"Under par's a fine way to be on the golf course, but it's sure a dreary way to feel. You don't sleep well at night; you wake up feeling all worn out—and stay that way all day.

"The doctor said he'd seen a lot of people with my trouble lately. What was it? Too much coffee. He explained some people can't take all the caffein in coffee and suggested I drink Postum instead. Postum's caffein-free, can't irritate your nervous system and keep you awake at night.

"I tried Postum. It was no surprise that I started sleeping and feeling better. But Postum's good flavor was. Why don't you try Postum? You'll like it, too!"

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Letters

Report From Fort Knox . . .

PVT. THOMAS F. STEMEN
Fort Knox, Ky.

I want to express my appreciation to you for the wonderful article by Dr. Albert Schweitzer in the April issue [*There's Hope on the Main Road,* page 14].

I am stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for specialist training. I went to the reading room of the "day room" and was surprised and delighted to find there the April TOGETHER. I had seen several previous issues of the magazine before, but I was extremely impressed with the richness and variety of this particular issue.

Schweitzer vs. Air Force?

CARL KEITH, JR.
Evanston, Ill.

Are you trying to be "all things to all men"? The article by Dr. Schweitzer in the April issue was an inspiration. What a contrast with the article in the same issue on the Air Force Academy [*In the Shadow of Pike's Peak,* page 76]!

If, by some miracle, Dr. Schweitzer could be transformed into an American boy of cadet age, do you suppose he would join an organization planned to teach men how to kill each other?

These young men, so intelligent, healthy, and well equipped (compare their living quarters with Dr. Schweitzer's miserable huts) have everything except the one thing stressed by him—reverence for life, even the life of a non-American.

Schweitzer Speaks to Youth

SAM LEWIS
First Methodist Church
Lake Wales, Fla.

I was happy to see *There's Hope on the Main Road.* This is such a good article that I want to place a copy in the hands of our older youth in college and in military service!

I would also like to express for our family our appreciation for the tremendous job TOGETHER is doing.

Pen Pal in the Pulpit

PAUL R. BROWN, *Pastor*
Clarksville, Iowa

It is my custom to have a children's sermon at least once each month. Recently, Jana Lee McDowell, who, with her sister Jo Lynne, was listed in the *Name Your Hobby* section of TOGETHER [March, page 72], read some of her pen-pal letters to our congregation. After Jana's talk, the children were urged to follow her lead in making use of the hobby page.

Pastors who conduct children's services might find this a good way to arouse interest in TOGETHER, and in such inspiring pastimes for children.

Why Miners Are Jobless

RAYMOND A. MAGEE, *Oil Dealer*
Berlin, Md.

After twice reading through *Where Machines Mine Coal* [May, page 14], I am convinced that, intentionally or unintentionally, it is a slanted article. It states: "At the root of the problem [miner's unemployment] are machines." I've always thought $25-a-day wages (or more) made coal noncompetitive, and lost much of the market to oil. Actually, machines helped rather than hurt; they kept coal costs down.

If everyone in the oil business received miner's pay, consumers would switch to electricity. It's simply being competitive—or else. The coal industry killed the goose that laid the "golden egg." Henry Ford gave the public cheaper rather than higher-priced cars, and developed rather than eliminated a market. John L. Lewis took the other course. History proves who was right.

No Graven Images at Keosauqua

E. J. WARREN
Keosauqua, Iowa

In your April issue there is an illustrated article about carving a statue of Christ at Wesley Theological Seminary [*Steel Strikes Stone to Speak of Christ,* page 16]. The second commandment forbids making graven images and, so far as I know, the Ten Commandments are not obsolete.

They Do So Bloom Down South!

MRS. J. F. EPPERSON
Pass Christian, Miss.

Referring to Hubert Tanner's comments in the April issue [*Letters,* page 10], may I ask that interested persons reread the information printed beside the picture, *Outdoor Cathedral,* on page 2 of the January issue. That picture was made in a carefully tended garden,

What Your Pastor Won't Tell You About Your Church!

The wind comes in gusts, the rain pelts the windows. But on this blustery Sunday, you enter your church, take your place in a comfortable pew, and join in the service—feeling wonderfully at peace. And, yes—good and proud, too—because you know everything has been taken care of.

Everything? . . . Materially speaking perhaps! But something is missing. Your pastor could tell you—but he probably won't. Yet deep in his heart lies his secret wish for inspiring church bells. And because he loves his church as you do—he dreams of hearing these bells, resounding far and wide over your community—touching all and calling all to pray.

Wouldn't you like to see this spiritual need for your church realized? You can do so, of course by donating a Schulmerich® Carillon in the name of a loved one—or in your own name . . . now in your life-time. Or you might form a donors' group. Speak to members of your congregation—and your neighbors, friends and even business associates as well. Would you like further help? Write us.

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and many beautiful flowers do bloom in January and February all along the Mississippi Gulf Coast. From October through April, camellia japonica, some annuals, and many bulbs brighten our yards. Hard freezes damage only the open blossoms; within a few days, the tight buds open beautifully. My own winter yard is adorned by 14 camellia bushes—white, pink, rose, and red, in solids, stripes, and variegateds.

If you are looking for flowers, turn off the busy highway where you see the sign of some garden or "scenic route."

Should Church Help Mongoloids?

MRS. RALPH PORTER, JR.
Hudson Falls, N.Y.

After reading *There Can Be Strength in Tragedy* [April, page 23], I feel moved to write and say that there are many children in need of institutional care, and I feel that our church should bear some of the burden. It is hard to decide to place a [Mongoloid] child in an institution, but in some cases that is the only answer.

This Mongoloid Lives at Home

MRS. KEN WANTY
Milan, Mich.

There Can Be Strength in Tragedy, by Jesse H. Roberts, proved that Mr. and Mrs. Roberts had met tragedy, faced up to it, decided what was best for *them,* and made a wonderful spiritual adjustment! What disturbs me is that others reading it might assume that this was the right way for *all* parents with a similar problem.

Our Mongoloid two-year-old son fits easily and well into our family, though we feel sure he will need to be institutionalized at a later date—and after thorough testing.

This may be because we did not know our child was a Mongoloid until he was one year old, and had already learned to love and treat him normally.

State Must Help 'Retarded'

RALPH BAUR
Warrenville, Ill.

As a social worker for the state of Illinois, I take exception to Jesse Roberts' statement that care of mentally retarded children "is a responsibility the state can never undertake in the spirit of love and Christian charity it demands. Only a church can."

State government and state service is a reflection of citizen interest and concern. Failure of the state to provide adequately for the mentally retarded child is the responsibility of each citizen. "Christian charity" and "the spirit of love" must be reflected in our voting and in strong demands that services of this nature receive priority.

Service provided the retarded child has had to come from public sources (with inadequate funds and facilities) or the few private agencies and the rare church organizations which have established programs. Since the church has not met this need, the conclusion that "only a church" can provide the proper care hardly follows.

I suggest, therefore, that long-term institutional care for the seriously retarded child can best be given on a state level. Private agencies or church-sponsored programs can, however, perform a vital function by spearheading new programs for care and treatment of the mentally retarded, and by filling the gaps that inevitably exist in public-sponsored programs.

'Loving Attention' Helps

MR. & MRS. EMORY W. PARROTT
Midland, Texas

We read and reread *There Can Be Strength in Tragedy,* for our only son is Mongoloid. We, too, passed through that period of heartbreak and shock that comes to all parents of retarded children, and feel that it has greatly strengthened us spiritually.

Our experiences differ from the Roberts' in that we have kept our little boy at home. This, we believe, was God's will for us. It has not always been easy, but God has always given us the strength to meet each problem. Our Wade is 3½ now, making progress and trying to do many things. Several workers with retarded children have told us that they doubted he could have advanced this well without the constant loving attention we give him.

Our two older girls are neither neglected nor warped. They have gained much from the love Wade brings them, and are exceptionally understanding of any handicapped person.

Yes, we have faced the fact that someday Wade may be better off in an institution. When that time comes, we know that God again will give us the strength and wisdom to adjust. Meanwhile, we are grateful to God for blessing us with a cherub.

Who Is Barnabas?

WILLIAM TRAGO GARRETT
Maryville, Mo.

As a long-time reader of TOGETHER and as librarian of our Methodist church, I have most enjoyed *Looks at New Books,* by Barnabas [see page 58].

Unless it is to be a secret, I should like very much to know the identity of Barnabas. His reviews are a very great help to us in our church library.

Incidentally, his opinions seem to agree very well with those of our library readers.

Barnabas? He's live, he's real, but who he is we don't reveal.—EDS.

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Women handling the General Card Line have always been the best-paid group of its kind in the country—and this year they're breaking all records. You can make PLENTY of Christmas Money in spare time, for yourself, your church or club, every week of the year. Be independent—run your own dignified, profitable business. Write for your General Card samples NOW!

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Make EXTRA PROFITS with all-occasion and Christmas BOXED ASSORTMENTS, GIFT WRAPPINGS, STATIONERY, GIFTS AND A BIG VARIETY OF OTHER FAST SELLERS.

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Do your friends a real FAVOR by giving them a chance to see the great new 1960 General Line. Give an important service to your community.

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LUCKY PENNY BANK

This big novelty Bank (shown 1/3 actual size) is GIVEN to you for prompt action. It will bring you LUCK—just as General Cards will bring you far more money every week than this bank can hold!

Make money, win glamorous Prizes for yourself.

Over $5,000.00 in Extra Prizes given General Card Dealers last year—far MORE to be given this year, including trip to Hollywood for two, appearance on Art Linkletter's "House Party" program, Color TV sets, etc.

And remember, General Card is famous for the fast, accurate service it gives every customer! Make us prove this to YOU. Rush coupon TODAY and get an EXTRA reward for promptness!

GENERAL CARD CO. Dept. T-7
1300 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 7, Illinois

Send No Money—Mail This Coupon
Get Everything You Need—Fast

GENERAL CARD COMPANY, Dept. T-7 Check here if under 14. ☐
1300 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 7, Illinois

Please rush exciting details of how I can make money showing your great new Card and Gift line to my friends and neighbors. Rush me, on approval, everything I need to get started. Tell me how I can get Imperial Beauty Cosmetics to sell on credit. Include 26 top favorite cards FREE, plus details on great EXTRA PRIZE PLAN. I'm sending no money now—will pay no COD. Be sure to enclose Lucky Penny Bank and Greeting Cards worth $4.50.

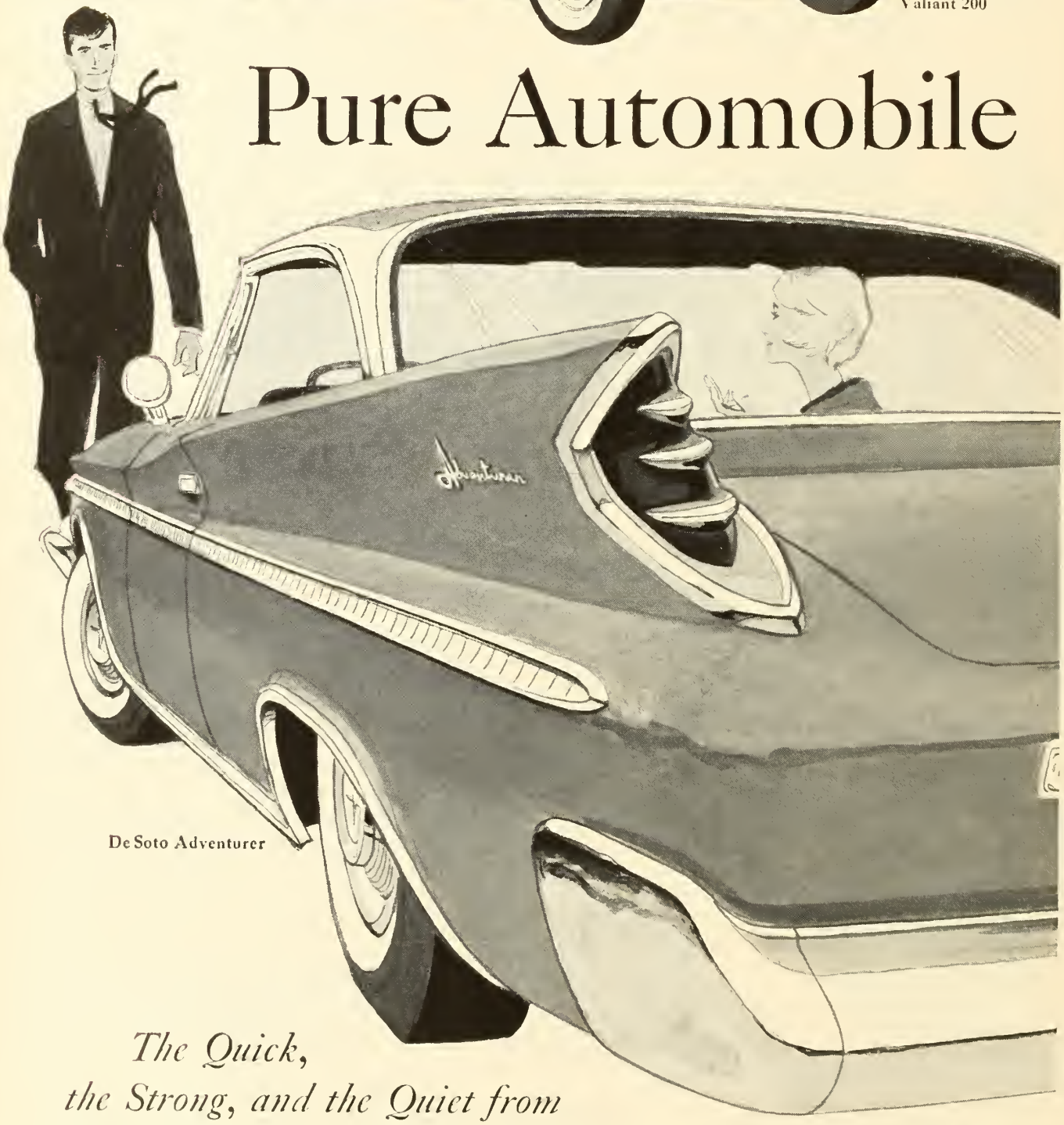
Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

Valiant 200

Pure Automobile



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The former governor of Arizona, now head of the National Safety Council, warns all drivers: "Thou shalt not kill" applies to you!

✠ *Personal Testimony*

Let's Be Crossroads Christians

By HOWARD PYLE

ACROSS AMERICA today, thousands of vacationing families are traveling to visit friends and relatives, to see the natural splendors of our great land, and to pay homage at our historic shrines. Most such trips will be filled with joyful associations and profitable adventures for young and old.

But for a distressing number of these carefree travelers, shock, suffering, and tragedy lie ahead on the highway. Just who they will be, of course, no one knows. But we at the National Safety Council can determine, with painful accuracy, the number of lives that irresponsibility can cost us on an average day, week, or holiday weekend. And we know that summer vacation months call for the most skillful kind of driving if the pleasure trip is to avoid being turned into a ghastly nightmare.

It can be done! Thousands will do it this summer and thus prove their ability to pursue happiness in the family car without forfeiting the right to do so. Then there will be those who won't. The consequences will be sickening. The scenes will be tragically familiar—and so unnecessary.

In darkening twilight on a heavily traveled thoroughfare, a uniformed patrolman signals with his flashlight to direct traffic around a grotesque pile of twisted metal and shattered glass. An ambulance attendant rises quietly after drawing a sheet over the body of a young mother. Nearby, too shocked and terrified to realize what a moment of carelessness has wrought—those who can never forget.

In 85 out of 100 highway accidents, drivers, not machines, are at fault. Human error kills nearly 40,000 American men, women, and children every year. We Christians cannot ignore the blunt fact that the divine commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is being transgressed, however unintentionally, by many who profess to believe in it.

Guns, knives, and bombs are not the only death-dealing instruments of our age, nor are malice, anger, or passion essential attitudes of mind for murder. Kindly, peace-loving Christians become killers behind the wheel when they try to save a few seconds . . . or when they are preoccupied with conversation . . . or when they just plain don't think. Too late, they are sorry beyond words. They didn't mean to do it, but they have killed, and sinned against God and their neighbor.

Driving, then, must be understood to involve moral and spiritual responsibilities. It can be fatal to forget that other motorists and pedestrians are God's creatures, too, no matter how foolishly they may drive or walk. The good driver, the good Christian, tries to anticipate the errors of others, and he responds to emergencies with quick and careful action, not stubbornness, impulsiveness, willfulness, or vicious irritability.

On the road we literally must be our brothers' keepers. For the idea, "They must look out for me," we must substitute, "I must look out for them."

Jesus Christ did not teach impractical theory; neither did he reduce conduct to a simple code of rules. He brought mankind a way of life applicable to every age and situation. It is a religion which concerns the relationship of man to man in the here and now; it deals with more than just patterned rules of behavior. It must produce Christian attitudes.

Where? At all the crossroads of this life—not the least of them being those that for the want of Christian attitudes can be as deadly as any battlefield in history.

What America Means to Me

By JESSE STUART

IN MILWAUKEE I spoke to 14,400 educators. It was hard for me to realize that so many people were listening to me. After my talk, teachers came up and brought my books for me to sign. It was a great meeting for me. I had never dreamed in my youth of addressing an audience of this size.

I had never dreamed, either, that I would travel in 39 states in one year, give 76 talks to teacher groups, colleges, universities, and civic organizations. I am not bragging when I mention these things. I feel humble. When I sign my name and people say kind words for some of the things I have written, my mind flashes back to another day and time. It goes back to the one-room shack on a high ridge in Greenup County, Ky., where I was born.

My father, who then could not read and write his name, was a coal miner. My mother caught rain water in a barrel at the corner of the shack for washing clothes. She carried water in a lard can from a neighbor's well for drinking and cooking.

We had only one book in our shack. That was the Bible. We kept it out on a little table for everyone to see. And above the Bible, hanging over spike nails driven into joists, was our shotgun, which my father kept ready to protect his family. On a barren puncheon floor, two beds, a cookstove, standtable, and mirror comprised about all our worldly possessions. We didn't own the one-room shack. We rented it.

My mother was the educated one in our family. She had finished the second grade. When my father left the coal mine, he moved down into W-Hollow and rented a little farm. He bought a mule and plow and one cow. And he bought young oxen, broke them to the yoke, and plowed the rooty hillsides.

My father preached education for his family. He wanted one of his children to be a schoolteacher. Schoolteaching was the only profession of man that my father ever looked up to. And it was at Plum Grove, a one-room rural school high on a hilltop, that I learned to write the name that people ask me to sign today. It was the first thing I learned to write. I was so elated to put something down on paper that stood for a real something that I ran home and said to my father, "Pa, I can do something you can't do." He said, "What's that?" I said, "Write my name."

My father was embarrassed. He got my mother to teach him a signature which only the banker in his home town knows today. When my first teacher, Calvin Clarke, told my father that my sister and I were "bright pupils" who ought to stand at the head of our classes, my father was pleased. Calvin Clarke was 18 and taught 56 classes in six hours. Attendance ranged from 50 to 70 pupils, many older than he.

My schoolbooks were fabulous things. And my teacher, a high-school graduate, had all the knowledge in the world, I thought.

My father moved from farm to farm, always to better his position. Then I was forced to quit school. I worked by the day for 25 cents, my father and his horse worked for $1.50 per day. My mother got 25 cents per day for housework.

But I was schooled in a different way. All the farms I worked on in Kentucky were beautiful in the spring months. I saw nature come to life from winter's sleeping. I learned many things on the land. Learned that the turtles laid eggs in the sand and let the warm sun hatch their young. Learned that the cowbirds laid eggs in other birds' nests and let them hatch and raise their young. Learned that black snakes laid eggs in the rich, warm loam and the sun hatched their young.

All the life about me was a great school and while I worked for 25 cents a day I learned.

Finally my father bought 50 acres of land in the head of W-Hollow for $300. It was the only tract in Greenup County that didn't have a legal road to it. When we walked to it in any direction we had to get permission from landowners whose farms surrounded ours. We couldn't haul anything to our farm; there wasn't a wagon road leading to it.

My father was so excited about buying 50 acres and becoming a landowner that the day he got the deed he changed from chewing home-grown Burley tobacco and smoked a big cigar. Then he got a job on the railroad section. He held this job for 23 years. His highest wage scale was $3.06 per day. He paid for his farm by working on the section and improved his fields by working at night in the moonlight and by lantern light.

I found work in Greenup, Ky., where the town was paving its streets. I got a job as water boy for

"I packed my clothes and themes. . . . I was off to the big, wide world of America, on my own."

75 cents a day. Very easy work for me. Too easy. It was hard for the foreman of the paving company to get a man to pour cement into the concrete mixer. I asked for the job and got it. I was 15 then. I did as hard work as any man, for I held the job, which more than a dozen had quit, until the streets were paved.

It was there I saw my first high school—Greenup High School where well-dressed boys and girls walked leisurely on the streets. And I wanted to enter high school. With

READER'S CHOICE

Writer, educator, and lecturer, Methodist layman Jesse Stuart expresses here his great love for this land of opportunity. *What America Means to Me* first appeared in the May, 1951, issue of *The American Magazine*. Mrs. W. G. Franks of Fountain City, Tenn., receives $25 for being the first to suggest we reprint it. Why not submit a tear sheet of your favorite article—one published five years, or more, ago?—EDS.

somewhere between 22 and 30 months of schooling at Plum Grove, I took a common-school examination on 11 subjects. Four of these I had never studied. I had to make an average of 75 and not below 60 on any subject. I made an average of 78. I made 59 on Composition, but I passed into high school anyway.

High school was the greatest place in the world to me. My English teacher would even let me read from six to 12 themes in her class at a time. She said one theme, *Nest Egg*, was funny, and laughed until she had to wipe tears from her eyes. *Nest Egg*, with only six words changed, was published 23 years later in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Also, it was reprinted in Watt-Cargill's *College Reader* and is read by many college students today.

My English teacher gave me a book of Robert Burns' poems. I wore it out as I carried it with me wherever I went. If Burns, a plowboy in Scotland, could do it, I, a plowboy in Kentucky, could do it. That's the way I looked at it.

I read my first novel, *Silas Marner*,

and reported on it for my English class. I read Jack London's short stories and loved them. In high school I made my way by hunting at night and following a trap line to and from school, selling animal pelts and possum carcasses to anybody who would buy. In the spring months I dug wild roots and sold them.

At the end of four wonderful years I went back to the farm. I had written more than 100 themes and 200 poems. And I had read many books. They had lifted me. I saw beyond my Greenup County hills. And I wondered about the world beyond. I talked to my father about going to college, but he wouldn't listen.

One day, when he was working on the railroad, I drove the mule team to the barn. I went to the house and packed my clothes and themes. I told Mom I was going. She laughed and said, "Go ahead. You'll be back. Chickens come home to roost!"

I was off to the big, wide world of America, on my own. First, I got work with a street carnival. Here I met people. But I lost this job somewhere near Cincinnati, Ohio. I gave too many free rides on the Merry Mixup. From here to Camp Knox, then to the steel mills.

When September came again and the leaves colored I had my debts paid and a few dollars ahead, and I left the steel mills. It was 1926. I was on my way to find a college.

I HITCHHIKED past Morehead State College. The place looked too big. At the second college, Kentucky Wesleyan in Winchester, I stopped and asked a student how much it would cost to go to school there for one year. "Three hundred dollars," he told me. That was too much for me. At Berea College I stopped and the dean asked me a few questions. Then he said, "We have a waiting list. Come back next year." I told him I was going to college.

It was he who suggested Lincoln Memorial University at Harrogate, Tenn. I hitchhiked there. They accepted me. I didn't have a transcript of my credits and I had only $29.30. Tell me, where on earth but America can one find an opportunity like this?

I stayed at Lincoln Memorial three years and two summers, worked half a day, went to college half a day, graduated with a B average. I did all kinds of work—farm work, sewer lines, water lines, carpenter work, crushed limestone for the roads, dining-room work. I found this playwork after the kind of work I'd been used to doing.

Little did I know on the day I graduated from Lincoln Memorial University that 21 years later I would stand on the same platform and receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. This was something I accepted with gratitude, yet with the deepest humility, since a number of men about my age rose in the audience and cheered. They were my classmates and I wasn't sure just who should receive the honorary degrees.

They had come to Lincoln Memorial when I did, and at that time they didn't have money or a decent suit of clothes. Today two are vice-presidents of insurance companies. Among them are doctors who have built their own hospitals in remote regions of Kentucky and Tennessee. Many are educators. This happened in America. It made me realize that America was a poor boy's country. That he could rise to unlimited heights if he were willing to work, if he had reasonable intelligence and good character.

When I returned home, the first college graduate in my family, my parents were proud of me. I had paved the way. Later my father's dream came true. He had four teachers from his five living children, three of whom were college graduates. The fourth had a year of college. All were high-school graduates. We are just one among thousands of American families where this has happened. We didn't let the chances come to us. We went out and found them. They are in America for all who are willing to look.

I was a teacher in a one-room rural school, a high-school teacher, high-school principal, and later superintendent of Greenup County schools. When I was elected superintendent my father rejoiced. To him this was the greatest honor any of his children ever received.

Then another thing happened for which I shall be eternally grateful. There was a family who came to America by the name of Guggenheim and they made some money in America. They put this money to a good cause. They gave, and still give, more than 100 fellowships each year to students in various fields from research to creative work in the arts and sciences. I applied for a fellowship and got it for creative writing. I didn't know the Guggenheims. I didn't know a member of the board who selected me. I was given $2,000 to spend abroad. I didn't have to report how I spent this money. I didn't even have to report what I had written.

AFTER 14 months in Europe, I returned to America with this feeling: I never knew America until I went to Europe. The Europeans were fine, hospitable people, but their opportunities were limited. I wondered what would happen if the young men and women in Europe had the chances America offered. I felt that the majority of these young people would not have to wait for the opportunities which might never come to them, but they would be able to go out and find them.

Now, I realized America didn't owe me a cent. I owed America. I owed thanks to over 1 million Americans who had bought my books. I owed thanks to book reviewers who had given me valuable criticism and praise and who had helped me to become a writer. I owed more than I could ever repay to my teachers, elementary, high school, and college. They had inspired me to do bigger and better things. I was indebted to editors of magazines who bought and published my stories and poems.

I was indebted to the editors and publishers of my books. All of these people had contributed to make me a writer. Not that my father's work had not been honorable, but if I had been born and brought up in many countries I had seen, I would have followed the occupation of my father—while in America a man can choose his own profession.

I returned to America on the *Countess Savoy*. When we passed the Statue of Liberty, if my arms had been long enough to reach from my ship, I would have hugged her neck. America is the dream. America is the place. America is it.

Marcus Aurelius:
Almost a Christian

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

SOME 18 centuries ago a tired emperor, wrapped in his soldier's cloak, pondered by a campfire in frontier wilderness, and so brought forth a guide to ethical behavior valid even now. Even today, *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius** is more read in the Western world than any other ancient book except the Bible.

The lonely course and the gentle justice of these thoughts have thus strengthened men of action from Captain John Smith and General Robert E. Lee through Frederick the Great and Britain's Charles "Chinese" Gordon. For Marcus was no armchair philosopher but a man burdened with responsibility for the greatest empire in the world. His sermons were not directed at others; the more exact title of his timeless work is *Marcus Aurelius to Himself*. What he set down there in his tent, with the north wind blowing the flame of his lamp in a guttering stream, was all to make himself a better man:

Every moment think steadily as a Roman and a man to do what thou hast in hand.

If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.

Live as on a mountain.

A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.

Look within. Within is the fountain

* *Published in several editions. George Long's excellent translation, dedicated to Robert E. Lee, appears as a paper-bound Gateway edition published by Henry Regnery, Chicago, for 95¢.*

In his search for truth, he would meditate late into the night with a soldier's cloak over his shoulders to ward off the chill north wind.

of good, and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig.

Whatever anyone does or says, I must be good, just as if the emerald were always saying this, "Whatever anyone does or says, I must be emerald and keep my color."

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was the last and best of Rome's "good emperors," the last and greatest of the Stoic thinkers. Born in April, 121, raised in his widowed mother's home on the spot where the cathedral of St. John Lateran now stands in the Eternal City, he was given all the privileges of high position in that pagan world. It was a world already beginning to die, rotting from within, attacked by new and barbaric forces without, but none of its corruption ever touched him. And though the spirit of Galilee had breathed its message to the wondering few a little more than a century earlier, no idea of Christianity as we understand it had ever reached Marcus. Without its radiant promise, he made his lonely fight for virtue—one so victorious that today Christians the world over look to him for inspiration.

The fatherless boy was close to his mother. "She taught me," he records, "the fear of God, charity, and not only to keep from evil acts but from evil thoughts."

In his teens Marcus was taken to the court by the benevolent Emperor Antoninus Pius, who now began to groom the brilliant boy for personal adoption and ultimate succession as ruler of the far-flung Roman realm. Marcus learned how the laws and the moneys of the state must be administered, how to handle people and keep his head during dispute; he shouldered the responsibilities of city office, then of provincial consulship. So, for all his introspection, he undertook unsparingly his part in the social scheme. "Men exist for the sake of one another," he found out. And "that which is not good for the swarm, neither is it good for the bee."

At 24, upon imperial command, Marcus was married to the daughter of Pius, Faustina the younger. It was intended to cement dynastic lines, the more firmly since Faustina and Marcus were first cousins and probably knew each other from childhood. But this commanded union turned swiftly into a love match. The young husband declared he would rather spend an hour with Faustina than a year at court. Often she accompanied him through the hardships and dangers of his campaigns against the barbarians in the north. When she bore him a son, he called it tenderly his "fellow soldier" and carried the little Commodus in his arms to show his cheering troops. During that loyal marriage, Faustina gave to Marcus 13 children. Only four survived him.

Out of his personal life, so tender with love, so heavy with grief, came the *Meditations*. "All things are implicated with one another, and the bond is holy. Everything harmonizes with me, which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature. Wherefore, on every occasion a man should say: 'This comes from God.'" But he was too soldierly for mere resignation. "Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break," he tells himself, "but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it."

So, when at 40 he inherited rule of the empire—with its gigantic government and wars raging on three fronts—he was ready for his task. You may see him today, as he must have been then, in the superb statue of gilded bronze which dominates the Capitoline hill in Rome; here, mounted but bearing neither sword nor scepter, he extends a hand that seems to dispense justice like a blessing. For his ideal was "a kingly government which respects most of all the freedom of the governed."

The times were hard, and while he consulted the Senate with respect he personally and boldly undertook to help the people. Faced with famine, floods, and a depression, he lowered taxes. He met unemployment with public works. He bought the farmers' grain to feed the needy. He dared refuse a pay raise to his best troops, general though he was. To meet rising defense costs, he auctioned off in the forum the imperial jewels and art treasures. He extended foreign aid to potential allies. Yet he would not yield to pressures he despised.

Forced by tradition to be present at the bloody gladiatorial combats in which the Roman public delighted, he sat in the imperial box reading official papers and signing documents. Eventually he ordered the gladiators to use foils, to the disgust of the bloodthirsty spectators, and coolly drafted these idols of the mob into his armies, as well as actors and popular singers.

Always he listened to the voice of conscience, always he called his soul his own. In that jostling, bustling, magnificent world capital of which he was the center of attention, he could nonetheless find refuge. "Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, seashore, and mountains," he remarks. "But it is in thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. Remember to retire into this little territory of thine own."

A man "deep-dyed in justice," he

'What a strange heathen!'

John Wesley, scholarly founder of Methodism, read widely and thought tolerantly. Here's his diary entry of October 11, 1745:

". . . I read to-day part of the *Meditations of Marcus [Aurelius] Antoninus*. What a strange emperor! And what a strange heathen! Giving thanks to God for all the good things he enjoyed! . . . I make no doubt that this is one of those 'many' who 'shall come from the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,' while 'children of the kingdom,' nominal Christians, are 'shut out.'"

often sat long as a judge in the courts. He labored till late and roused himself by weary challenge to his will: "Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being?" So he spurred himself on, despite paroxysms of headache which must have been migraine, and pains that may have been caused by ulcers.

Avidius Cassius schemed to become the emperor himself. At first Marcus would not so much as believe in the rumors about this, much less destroy the man. But some loyal followers did—and sent the traitor's head to the emperor, much to his distress. Nor would he punish other participants in this rebellion. "Let them live in safety; deliver all from death, proscription, fear, disgrace and odium."

His forgiveness came from a deep principle: "The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrongdoer."

So greatly Christian is this way of thought that it seems the more amazing that Marcus Aurelius never knew the teachings of the Man of Galilee. Early Christians there were in Rome, but only a few, and oftenest of such humble station that they could not gain the emperor's ear. And Christians of the second century refused to pledge allegiance to the state; they commonly declined military service in defense of the empire. They would not concur in the idea that the emperor was divine. Although Rome extended toleration to all religions and would have been satisfied if the early Christians had made even an insincere gesture of obeisance to the civil government and the old state gods, the Christians' fundamental principles made it impossible for them to compromise on a single point. Naturally, they soon fell afoul of the civil laws.

More, the most horrible stories were told of Christians, the same sort of inventions that Christians manufactured about Jews in the Middle Ages—such as that they met in secret to make human sacrifices of children who were then devoured.

These evil lies were widely believed by the ignorant. Aurelius doubtless did not give them credence, but the mobs did. In any case, the emperor had to regard the Christians as what we now call "subversives." Therefore, in a few cases he felt forced to permit the civil laws to take their course against refractory members of the strange new sect. But he never authorized systematic persecution of those early Christians, nor tormented any of them as did such an insane emperor as Nero.

Aurelius may well be forgiven, as he so generously forgave others, for failure to grasp what he had never been taught. We must forgive him as one who stood in need of the Christian doctrine, but did not know of it. He had no knowledge of a Savior, but a hope continuing through the ages. His philosophy, however noble, was lonely. Yet he had the courage to live it to the end.

For now he was aging, as the times went then, being in his 50s. He had lost children dearly loved, six sons and three daughters; he had lost his wife, Faustina, "so docile, so loving, so simple." In her honor he instituted a charity for poor young girls, set up temples in her memory, and in Rome an altar where brides were wont to go with their husbands to pray.

Lonely, he traveled to Athens, seeking further wisdom and peace in the great heritage of Grecian thought. But Greece, too, was old, and rituals remaining there brought him little comfort. He established handsome fellowships in the Athenian university and returned to Rome. Again his duty called him to the front, where he slept on a pallet covered with a few hides and daily braced himself for battle. Yet he felt the approaching night and faced it with a grand serenity. "Near is thy forgetfulness of all things," he recognized, "and near the forgetfulness of thee by all." But "life must be reaped like the ripe ears of corn," and his had been a rich harvest.

So, on a day in 180, in a camp not far from what is now Vienna, he prepared to quit his earthly vessel. He smiled upon the friends that gathered round him, telling them, "I do but go before you." On the next day, he saw no one but his son and him only briefly. Then he covered up his head, as if for sleep, and in perfect confidence in some ruling spirit over the universe, he entered into it, into eternity.

ABOUT THAT

Second Mile

"And if any one forces you to go one mile, go with him two miles."
—Matthew 5:41

IN JESUS' DAY a Roman soldier was permitted by law to compel any Jew to serve as his porter up to the distance of one mile. If a Roman wished merchandise from a local bazaar to be taken to his barracks or if he wanted assistance in carrying his pack on a hot day, he needed only to point to a Jew and command, "Carry this for me."

It made little difference whether a man thus commandeered had urgent business of his own or was already near exhaustion from heavy toil. No excuse was acceptable and failure to comply immediately might result in torture or even death.

To Jews, proud of heritage and race, obedience extracted in this fashion was humiliating. Furthermore, they had been reared according to the law of revenge, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This was consistent with the Mosaic law, the code of Hammurabi and contemporary Roman practice.

If Jesus' command, "Go with him two miles," stuns us, imagine the reactions of those who first heard it. Yet those who have been brave enough to venture obedience have found this requirement of Jesus to be a great and liberating truth and even the wisdom of God for their salvation. When we have surmounted the barrier of our initial resistance to "that second mile," we move to high-sounding music along a highway of freedom and joy, and this music sets our hearts to singing. We become, whatever happens, God's free men who have a song!

—EVERETT W. PALMER
(*You Can Have a New Life*, Abingdon, $2.25)

PEOPLE CALLED METHODISTS

Number 10 in a series

Diesels have replaced the old steam engines, but it still takes men like Glen Amick to run a railroad.

On the westbound night run, his usual assignment, Glen signals the engineer to pick up a car.

Off to work at 11 p.m., Glen kisses his wife good-by.

Brakeman

ON THE KATY LINE

THE LONESOME blast of a diesel horn echoes through the midnight air as a mile-long freight train lumbers into little (pop. 1,060) New Franklin, Mo. Here, at the division point between St. Louis and Parsons, Kans., two crews of Katy Railroad (Missouri-Kansas-Texas Lines) trainmen exchange places. Wives waiting in automobiles flash headlight signals to dismounting husbands who have brought the train from St. Louis, while the fresh crew prepares to take it farther on to the southwest.

Climbing to his place in the caboose is brakeman Glen C. Amick, 48. Once a farm boy near New Franklin, Amick started railroading 18 years ago when he put $8 down on the $25 watch he still carries. Now he makes the 396-mile round trip to Parsons an average of twice a week. Outbound, the usually nonstop run takes only six hours, but on the return the following night, frequent switching stops make the trip much longer. On layovers, the crew sleeps in a Parsons railroad hotel. Only rarely is Glen assigned to the daytime freight, which leaves New Franklin at noon and returns the following day.

Glen's irregular hours make the Amick family's

While Glen sleeps in the early evening, Mildred waits for his dispatcher's phoned instructions.

An Amick family portrait: Glen and Mildred with daughters, Glenda Sue and Frances.

Brakeman ON THE KATY LINE

(Continued)

A tinkerer with radios since boyhood, Glen received his license for voice transmission in 1956.

Boxes of tomato and cabbage seedlings on sale outside a grocery catch Mrs. Amick's gardening eye.

A great deal of civic-minded Glen's free time goes to community projects such as wiring this electrical fixture in the new Baptist church.

Unlike most husbands, Glen has time on days off to help Mildred do weekly shopping. She loads; he pushes.

schedule different from most small-town households'. Many days he must spend sleeping, yet on other occasions he enjoys more than the ordinary number of daylight hours off the job. An amateur radio operator, photographer, and electrician, Glen uses his free time for hobbies and assorted home and community projects.

The Amicks' comfortable six-room house is at 105 Boggs Avenue, but in New Franklin street numbers are a formality. Everyone knows where the Amicks live and many have enjoyed the hospitality of Glen, his wife, Mildred, and their daughters, Frances, 18, and Glenda Sue, 14. Actually, much of the work on the red brick house, completed in 1948, was done by Glen. He installed the wiring, plumbing, and heating systems, and, more recently, finished the attic for his ham radio rig. A large garage houses both Glen's workshop and the family's 1950 car, well seasoned with nearly 100,000 miles of use.

Glen and Mildred Amick are leaders in both community and church. New Franklin members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen have exhibited their confidence in Glen by electing him their local chairman, to represent them in dealings with Katy management. And the MKT representatives, too, respect the integrity of the soft-spoken brakeman. At the New Franklin Methodist Church, Glen has served as president of both the young adult fellowship and Methodist Men, now occupies the post of lay leader.

Mrs. Amick, who grew up on a farm which adjoined Glen's parents', is a skillful flower and vegetable gardener who makes a community project of her hobby through her presidency of the local garden club. Her church activities reach beyond New Franklin to nearby Clark's Chapel, the little church she attended as a child. She has been an officer of the Wesleyan Service Guild in town and the WSCS at the rural church. She also has led, among others, a 4-H club, the Girl Scouts, and the PTA.

Surely New Franklin Methodists made an understandable choice when they named the Amicks—as friends had hoped—the church's "family of the year."

Leo, the Amick cat, is well aware who fills his dish most often. It's Glenda Sue, who regards him as the family baby.

For her pin money, Frances picks strawberries.

Hands skilled at switching cars sometimes need help with more delicate jobs—like inserting cuff links.

Should Marilyn Marry or . . .

Should She Go to College?

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Together *recently got a letter from a minister deeply concerned about how to advise a young woman just graduated from high school. She—let's call her Marilyn—is outstanding both in personality and ability. Even while working after school in a department store, she kept up a straight "A" average. She's president of her MYF, sings in the choir, attends Sunday school and church. But now, at 18, she is not planning to go to college. She sees no reason for it because she wants only to get married and raise a family—something a local young man has about persuaded her to do. Feeling that Marilyn represents many young women,* Together *discussed her pastor's letter with a woman who is a psychologist and marriage counselor, a young man who is in seminary, a university president, and a young woman who has just finished college. Here is what they would say to her:*

Consider carefully—a college background opens doors

Advises Evelyn Miller Berger

MARILYN, I do not wonder that your minister is concerned about what you are going to do with your life. Anyone who can make "A" grades in high school, especially while taking part in other activities and holding an out-of-school job, clearly has abilities which cannot be fully developed by the end of high school.

As Christians, we believe that we have a responsibility to our fellow human beings. Nowhere but in America can women have such easy access to higher learning. With this blessing comes an obligation to exert our best efforts to share our privileges with others in this world. It is a world that needs leaders in science and medicine, social sciences, arts, literature, music, and the uses of material resources for the betterment of mankind.

I heartily agree that other careers drop to second place when held up against wifehood and motherhood. No greater challenge confronts anyone in today's world than the task of maintaining a happy home. But this is not the same job Great-grandmother knew. She baked the bread, wove the cloth, and made the clothes for the family, even those Great-grandfather wore. As those creative tasks have been taken out of the home, more of the homemaker's time has been released for community-

Psychologist Evelyn Miller Berger deals with problems of childhood, adolescence, marriage, and family relations as director of the East Bay Psychological Center, Oakland, Calif. Dr. Berger also has been a high-school teacher, a college professor, and a dean of women. She's a prominent lecturer—known also to Methodists as the daughter of retired Bishop George A. Miller.

welfare projects and for keeping up with a rapidly changing world where her intelligent, well-informed opinion is urgently needed.

We also have a special responsibility to our families. Will you comprehend your children's interests and needs beyond the level of secondary education if you have not gone to college? And will you be an adequate companion to your husband? If he is not college trained, your family will need a broader life outlook from you. If he is college trained, you will understand his interests better if you, too, have gone beyond high school. I'm sure you appreciate the soundness of this.

What will you do if, when you are still in your prime years, your children leave to set up their own homes?

If they have been your chief vocation, you will find that your career has walked out on you. You will have physical vigor and free time at your disposal, but unless you are prepared to use them constructively, only restless discontent awaits you.

Then, too, no one can predict the future. If you should suddenly be left to support yourself, or a growing family, you would have to fall back on the training you had acquired in earlier years. Increased maturity would clarify the values of what you might study if you went back to school then, of course, but often women are not able to go back for more schooling when the unexpected happens. They must fall back on the education they had before marriage.

More and more women, single or married, are employed outside the home these days. Some want to add to the family income for a special need; others are attracted to out-of-home jobs after their children are grown. A college background opens doors to more jobs at better salaries.

The customary American postponement of marriage to years beyond the normal biological mating age puts intense emotional pressures on dating teen-agers. It is difficult to see the future in sharp focus when it is blurred by the hot haze of romance. Yet there is a far greater breakdown of teen-age marriages than of those of more mature persons.

Of course, you are sure that you are ready for marriage, and perhaps you are one of the few teen-agers who sees marriage realistically. Perhaps, because God gave you unusual gifts, you will be able to develop your talents without going to college. It is possible to educate yourself through reading and by taking advantage of cultural opportunities. But it is very much more difficult.

Americans have great faith in education. It is taken for granted that those who have the ability should continue beyond high school. But ability is not the only consideration. Motivation, also, must be taken into account. Thus, if you are not genuinely interested in the advantages of college training, it may be questioned whether you would profit by the investment of time, effort, and money needed for college.

A gifted high-school senior is grown up enough to decide what she wants to do with her life. Yet we, your interested and admiring friends, have a responsibility and privilege to point out what we believe to be vitally important facts. I hope you do consider our suggestions, seriously, before at last making that final decision which must be yours alone.

Reared in a Methodist minister's family, Don Baldwin is going to follow in his dad's footsteps—he's a seminary student at Drew University. A former local MYF president and an active choir singer, he now is head of the National Methodist Youth Fellowship and is serving as fellowship chairman of the National United Christian Youth Movement.

Preparing for marriage is reason enough for college

Says Don Baldwin

ALTHOUGH you and I have never met, Marilyn, I feel as though I know you. My senior year in high school was a few years ago, but we have many things in common. I, too, was president of my local MYF, was active in church, participated in school affairs, and had a particular interest in music and singing.

Many of my close high-school friends had little interest in going to college. Instead, like you, they wanted to get married immediately after graduation from high school. Many of them did. So I think I understand your situation.

Let me say emphatically that there is nothing in the world your parents, your minister, and your friends want more than to see you eventually have a warm, loving Christian home and a family. Just as every young woman wants to be a mother, all parents yearn for grandchildren, and all ministers covet that sacred moment of Baptism. There is nothing to compare with the sacredness of the marriage covenant and family where the true spirit of Christian love is present at all times. But I

do wish I could sit down and discuss at length with you the experience of college. When I mentioned your situation to an attractive freshman girl here at college, she replied: "You know, I was all ready to get married right after high school, but now I'm so glad I didn't!" When I asked her why, she explained that in just one short year at college she had found an atmosphere for personal growth, maturity, learning, and a creative freedom which together had given her a whole new perspective on life. I can't add much to this, except to say that the same was true for me.

I know you want a family. More than anything, our country needs deeply understanding, patiently sympathetic, intelligently responsible, and genuinely loving mothers and fathers. I believe this quality of understanding can never be as full without the kind of learning process that college provides. A young woman need not enter college thinking that she has to prepare for an occupation; preparing to be an adequate wife and mother is reason enough! Just try to visualize how much more stability, understanding, and insight you could bring into your family after college. Enter college with this Christlike vision and I know you will thank God.

And now, what about your love for the boy and his love for you? I'm sure many young men and women right out of high school can have a deep and abiding love for each other. But if the opportunity of university life is open to you, consider these three important things:

The initial years of college often prove to be a most valuable period for testing how lasting a relationship might be.

A higher type of Christian life together is likely if both you and your fiancé have gone on to higher education.

Third and most important, remember that love is patient, that it bears all things and endures all things. If your relationship is one of genuine love, it will not diminish during the few short years of college life, but rather will grow and abound!

You and I know that no amount of coaxing, from either parent or sweetheart, can make the final decision for you. It must be your own. But if, at this crucial moment, you can see college in the light of a Christian calling to a deeper understanding of life, as a chance to prepare more adequately for the Christian responsibility of motherhood, and as your own personal witness to the truth that love really is patient, then you will be able to see beyond the present moment to a deeper and richer life in the future.

In closing, let me say that whatever your decision is, make it in the assurance that God is guiding you and in the awareness that all our decisions must be grounded in service to our lord, Jesus Christ.

Harold C. Case, who is a member of the President's Commission on Education Beyond High School, is president of Methodist-related Boston University, the father of a daughter, and a Methodist minister who has served city and suburban churches.

Young people don't have a right to stay half-educated

Declares Harold C. Case

A COLLEGE education is both a privilege and a responsibility. It is a privilege now being accorded to 34 per cent of all college-age youth in the United States. Conversely, for each student enrolled in American colleges and universities, two young people are omitting higher education.

College training is a privilege because it offers access to knowledge for most useful living and for greatest self-satisfaction. The college atmosphere is the best yet devised for conveying our cultural heritage to the next generation. It provides gifted students with access to inspiring teachers, that learning may be an exciting adventure. New knowledge for the benefit of mankind comes from research laboratories of our colleges and universities. Unique services for body, mind, and spirit are implicit in their academic strategy.

College education is also a responsibility. The testing of democracy is more serious and crucial than we usually admit. The East-West struggle poses vast problems for all freedom-loving peoples.

Having inherited the benefits of freedom, and being wellborn, no young person has a right to say: "I intend to remain half-educated because I want to enjoy my selfish privileges, regardless of social consequences." Instead of putting a college education for a well-qualified high-school senior on a sentimental basis, I prefer to be entirely realistic and to say: "You have no right to claim privileges that will deny to your society the best and

complete use of your fully developed talents. If all of your friends did the same, democracy would come to an end."

The anxious eye of mankind sweeps the night sky, looking for leaders whose minds are stored with knowledge, whose spirits are disciplined, whose goals have to do with the well-being of society, not merely with personal satisfaction.

It is yet to be determined whether enough of our young people will exercise stern self-discipline, make religious commitments, establish high vocational goals, and follow them through, regardless of inconvenience or delay or material sacrifice. If not, our society is in deep trouble. If so, we can provide the leadership into a good future for all mankind.

This young lady is, for me, a symbol and test of our civilization.

Why doesn't Marilyn combine education and marriage?

Asks Alansa Carr

A FEW YEARS ago, the problem of whether an intelligent, qualified girl should continue her education beyond high school or marry her childhood sweetheart was undoubtedly a real one. Today, however, it does not necessarily follow that one decision automatically has to eliminate the other decision.

American colleges and universities now make it possible for a capable student to continue her education after marriage or in spite of financial difficulties. The girl must, of course, really want to go to college. If she feels she will not profit from further education, she should not be pushed into it by well-meaning family or friends, even though her record indicates that she is college material. Those who attend college because they feel obligated are generally unhappy there. They don't do well, and they occupy a place which should have been filled by someone more eager for learning.

But if a girl is serious about marrying and also about continuing her education, she should look into the possibilities of combining the two. If she lives within commuting distance of a college or junior college, she can attend classes there. If she does not, she can take correspondence courses. The happiest solution—a common one on many campuses today—would seem to be for the wife and husband to go through college together. Many colleges used to frown on married students, but now they seem to be quite as acceptable as those who are single. Indeed, married students often make better grades because they are less involved in the usual jungle of student activities.

Two of my friends have made other choices. I was a bridesmaid at the wedding of one of them. She left college after her sophomore year to marry a boy assigned to overseas duty in the Navy. Some day, she thought, she would live in an area where she could resume her college work. Now, with a baby, that seems nearly impossible. And she is sorry she didn't continue for another year or two before she got married.

The other friend made the opposite decision. Although she was a senior before she "passed chocolates," the traditional way of announcing an engagement at our college, she and her fiancé had been planning to marry for three years. He had been her first date as a college freshman. But they set a post-graduation wedding date because both knew they could obtain a better education by waiting.

An unforgettable moment in Alansa Carr's life came last summer when she was crowned Miss Alaska. Another was her graduation from Scripps College this spring. She's a member of the First Methodist Church, Ketchikan, grew up in a busy household with four sisters and a brother. She'll work after graduation—but she hopes to marry, too.

I am glad I didn't have to make the choice between marriage and college when I was a senior in high school. I think marriage will be wonderful. But, looking back on my four years of college, I realize that I wouldn't trade them for anything.

I do not think a girl must have career training in mind to justify her going to college. My own college experience has not trained me specifically for one field. But I like to think that the general education I gained there has made me more interesting to myself—and, I hope, to my future husband and family. The other day, for instance, I bought my first recording of a Beethoven symphony, something I never would have done before I was introduced to classical music at Scripps.

Moreover, a girl learns more about men after four years of college dating. Having a more mature attitude, she should be able to choose a husband more wisely than when fresh out of high school.

If, after careful consideration, she discovers she really wants college, I hope Marilyn will continue her education in one of the many excellent colleges open to her.

Are Your Church Manners

An artist's view of some people we've all encountered—

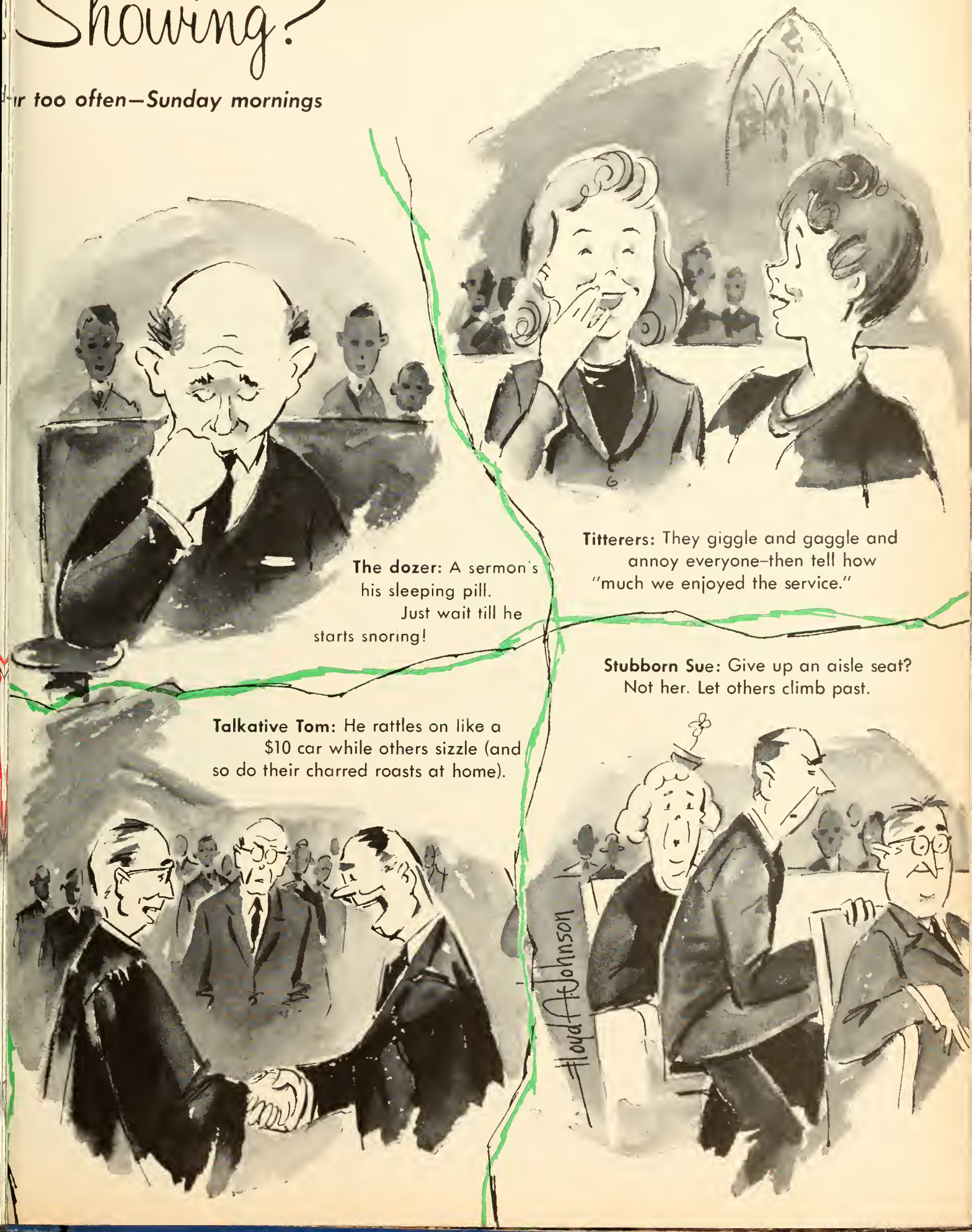
Pantomime artists: Getting them interested in the sermon is harder than pulling teeth, an experience they'll share with anyone.

The wriggler: He distracts everyone—and Mom beams with pride. You'd never guess this church provides a well-equipped nursery!

Pokey Joe: Sure it's an accident —but why can't he park his coat in the foyer instead of committing mayhem-by-elbow on earlier arrivals in a crowded pew?

Showing?

r too often—Sunday mornings



The dozer: A sermon's his sleeping pill. Just wait till he starts snoring!

Titterers: They giggle and gaggle and annoy everyone–then tell how "much we enjoyed the service."

Stubborn Sue: Give up an aisle seat? Not her. Let others climb past.

Talkative Tom: He rattles on like a $10 car while others sizzle (and so do their charred roasts at home).

Sunrise After Cerro

By ETHELYN PEARSON

"COUNT OFF, then report to your driver." As Bill's voice rang out, 18 teen-agers who had been scattered over the slope began drifting toward the cars. This was the third—and toughest—camping trip Bill and I, as youth leaders of our church, had chaperoned in the last three months.

We had stayed almost a week this time, far back in California's remote Cerro Gordo Mountains beyond dry Owens Lake. Our camp was above timber line; the steep slope rattled with sharp rocks, mostly shale, which constantly broke loose and bounded down the mountainside. We had come here to search for unusual rocks.

As we headed home, three of the oldest boys, driving the other cars, led the way. The slippery, shale-topped road wound like a narrow ribbon at a 33 per-cent grade down the gray, boulder-strewn sides of Cerro Gordo. Black-bottomed canyons ran in gashes parallel to the road. Hairpin curves broke our path every 300 or 400 feet. To our left towered sheer rock walls; to our right, the road dropped into nothingness. Around us billowed soft, vision-obscuring clouds.

Bill's last action before slipping behind the wheel was to check the hitch that linked the awkward, heavily loaded trailer to our station wagon. In the front seat, I wearily closed my eyes. The exhilaration I always experienced around teen-agers would soon be gone and I'd be back in my own home. The old dissatisfactions, tensions, and annoyances would settle back over us.

As soon as we got home, Ellen, my inert neighbor, would be over to sit placidly for hours. In no time at all, I'd be lamenting the fact that we'd paid $16,000 for a house with so much wrong with it. (Actually, I'm very proud of it!) And, as district chairman of the Heart Fund Drive, I'd have to find at least one more volunteer by morning. Thinking of it all made my head throb.

Bill, I knew, had daily problems, too. Battling freeway traffic for an hour twice a day was hard. His job, calling for the maximum in concentration, was getting on his nerves.

Even the three young people in the seats behind me had trials. Richard, a thin, gangly six-footer, felt the calling of the ministry. Yet he wasn't sure. It was a decision on which we couldn't help. Judy, small and vivacious, was torn by her desire to do right while faced with family problems.

Our third passenger was Lu Ann Rogers, plunged into an abyss of grief six months ago when her father died suddenly. She sat there now, one arm around our 11-year-old, morosely gazing at the scenery as it slid by at 15 miles an hour. This was the first activity she had taken part in since her loss—and I knew she was sorry she had come.

Of the whole crew, Bill was the only one alert. I put Vanessa's head in my lap and joined the other passengers—except Lu Ann—in dozing.

Suddenly, 45 minutes later, I opened my eyes abruptly. The hiss of shale was sharp, menacing. The landscape was whizzing by the windows. I knew Bill to be a cautious driver; our station wagon, less than a year old, had just been checked over. A vicious turn loomed ahead. I braced my feet for a pull of the brakes—but it never came. We whipped around the curve, tires squealing. Horrified, I shot a look at Bill. A knot of muscles bunched on his jaw; perspiration covered his forehead. I felt fear clench my heart.

Sometimes we shaved the rock

Gordo

"On narrow turns, we raced so close the outside edge we seemed air-borne. . . . We lurched from side to side, our trailer threatening to jackknife."

wall so closely that only inches separated us from death. At others, on narrow turns, we raced so close to the outside edge we seemed airborne. Thousands of feet below, the tops of giant firs and pines beckoned. Wordlessly, I glanced back to see how the rest of our passengers were taking it. The failure of brakes in the mountains was something they had all read about. Now they sat as if hypnotized, staring at the road ahead. A small voice, I think it was Judy's, asked breathlessly, "What are you going to do, Bill?"

"Pray. All of you'd better, too." Bill's voice was taut. As he searched out rough spots in the road in hopes of slowing us down, we lurched from side to side, our trailer threatening to jackknife at every turn. Any piece of razor-sharp shale could slash a tire.

Vanessa, I realized, was in the most dangerous place so I handed her back to Richard in the middle seat. Then, as we slammed around the next bend, there, smack in our path, was one of our early-leaving cars. I opened my mouth to scream; no sound came out.

"Blow the horn!" Bill barked. "And don't stop." At a snail's speed the car ahead pulled over just as we whistled past. Mike, I saw, was at the wheel. The smell of hot metal and burning fabric filled our station wagon, injecting a new fear—fire.

We were almost down now, but the worst curve was still ahead. I risked a quick look at Bill and knew he didn't expect to make it. White-knuckled, he clenched the wheel and pumped desperately on our useless brakes. Certain of death, I covered my face with my hands—and waited. No one spoke, or screamed, or cried. Then suddenly I felt the back of the seat pull away from my body and I shoved my hands against the dash to keep from sliding to the floor. The bushes began to slide by more slowly. A few feet ahead of us, just before the last treacherous turn, the road had been widened to let motorists stop and enjoy the view. With a half-audible prayer of thanks, Bill pulled over and we rolled slowly toward the most beautiful hunk of drab-gray shale in the world. With a gentle thud, we stopped.

Oddly, we sat a moment before we got out. A quavering young voice from the middle seat thanked the Lord aloud for all of us; Richard, I knew then, was going to make a marvelous minister. I picked up Vanessa and held her tight. How glorious, as I stepped from the car, to have the slippery bits of shale, which I had despised, beneath my feet. As we heard a car approaching, I slipped my hand into Bill's. Mike and his passengers drew abreast of us.

"Wow!" Mike shouted. "Am I glad to see you guys! How did you get that wagon stopped?"

Bill looked at him. "I didn't. As I rounded that last curve I knew what I could do wasn't enough. I said, 'Lord, I've done my best, but it's not good enough. If it be thy will, deliver us.' I can't say why, but then I pumped those burned-out brakes once or twice. At first I thought I was imagining it, then I knew they were holding; the Lord was stepping in to save us. Until I admitted I was licked, I still had hopes of figuring something out that would slow us down. But I was wrong."

Mike took his passengers home and then came back for us. I'll never be able to say how I felt that evening. The smallest things took on significance. As I washed Vanessa's little feet, the usual scolding for not keeping her shoes on was put aside—I hope permanently. Tiny fingerprints on a couch cover, which used to upset me, seemed trivial. And I could see that getting Ellen interested in the Heart Fund Drive would solve one of my problems and help her by giving her something constructive to do.

Later Bill and I walked over to the garage where our station wagon sat. Joe, the mechanic, picked up two warped, friction-burned brake bands. Joe's silence was more expressive than words. The scorched bands were so charred that they crumpled. Joe said dazedly, "I'd never have believed it! If I hadn't checked them myself just last week, I'd have said there was something fishy about this story. I've never heard of bands as hot as these tightening. I don't see how being a good driver even did you much good with no brakes."

"I had nothing to do with it, Joe," Bill assured him. "Believe me, I did all I knew how long before anyone else even knew the trouble we were in. The same hand that held back the Red Sea commanded those worthless bands to work."

Joe looked at our wagon, which he himself kept in tiptop shape. He knew about brakes and the road to Cerro Gordo. Finally he said, "Yeah, Bill, I guess that's just got to be it."

Joe turned back into his shop, and Bill and I started home. Thoughtfully, my husband said, "I've been

Old Glory & The Christian Flag

HERE COMES Independence Day again—and with it the knotty question of how to display the U.S. and Christian flags in a sanctuary. This problem has stirred up more debate in some churches than how to allocate the annual budget. And there is no hard and fast answer.

The dilemma traces back to 1942, when Congress and the executive committee of the Federal (now National) Council of Churches issued contradictory opinions. Both agreed that the most honored flag traditionally is placed to a speaker's right, when displayed from a staff in a church chancel, but to the audience's right (the speaker's left) if placed elsewhere in the room.

Then came the rub. Congress advised that the U.S. flag always occupy this honored spot, even in a church. But Council officials disagreed: "The symbol of loyalty to God should have the place of highest honor."

What's the answer? Well, some churches have tried placing the Christian flag within the chancel to the minister's right, and the national emblem on the main auditorium floor outside the chancel and to the audience's right. But the basic issue remains unresolved.

Dr. Thomas A. Stafford, top Methodist authority on Christian symbolism and church decoration, advises removing all flags from a sanctuary rather than squabbling. As he points out in *Within the Chancel* (Abingdon, $2), "Flags are not an essential requirement in church equipment."

The fact is, the Christian flag has never been adopted officially by any denomination. It was conceived in 1897 by Charles C. Overton, Sunday-school superintendent at Brighton Chapel on New York City's Staten Island. Overton envisioned the now-familiar rectangular white field, symbolizing peace and purity, in one corner of which is a blue union (symbolizing fidelity and truth). Centered in the union is the red Latin cross signifying eternal sovereignty.

The Rev. Ralph E. Diffendorfer, then secretary of the Methodist Young People's Missionary Movement, guided Overton to a flagmaker in 1907 and helped publicize the banner at summer youth conferences. Another Methodist, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, composed words for a salute:

"I pledge allegiance to the Christian flag and the Savior for whose kingdom it stands; one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."

Because of these strong ties, many Methodist churches regularly display the Christian flag in their sanctuaries. Congregations which give it the place of highest honor reason that the Federal Flag Code is essentially secular. Inside a church, they feel, the flag symbolizing Christianity should take precedence. There are other congregations which reason that the Federal Flag Code is valid inside, as well as outside, a church.

Some authorities, however, emphasize that the Christian flag represents an allegiance already expressed in the decoration of most churches. For, as the Council's 1942 resolution itself explained, "the cross itself is generally accepted as a good and sufficient symbol for the house of God in the Christian tradition, without the use of a church flag."

thinking. We could look for something farther inland. There's a demand for technicians and the gas money I'd save would balance any pay cut. Don't know when I'd ever be able to afford a house like you want though, if I give up this job."

"Bill," I assured him, "I love our house. But any house is just a material thing. If you'd be happier in a new job, why not look on your vacation next month?" It was his peace of mind that mattered, not a house. Holding hands, we walked through our front door.

I had just made a pot of coffee when the phone rang. It was Judy. "I've decided to take a job doing housework for the Simpsons until I finish school," she announced. "It's a good chance to work and plan the future. Don't you think so?"

I assured her it was the perfect solution, one that had been there all the time, only we had been too wrapped up in trivialities to see it. Then as we were preparing for bed the phone rang again . . . Lu Ann.

"We were awfully close to death today, weren't we?" she asked without preliminaries. I told her that, indeed, we had been. "You know, all of a sudden I wanted terribly to go on living," she blurted. "I didn't want to be with Daddy like I've been saying. I'm afraid I haven't helped Mother much. . ."

When I awoke, the first pink of dawn flushed across a cloudless sky. The dew-flecked lawn and flowers sparkled like diamonds. I was ashamed when I realized how long since I had witnessed such splendor which had been there every day.

It was a new sunrise, the first after Cerro Gordo. For all of us, it was the doorway to a new life.

THIS true story may remind readers that even church outings occasionally present perils to the unwary. For example, if this station wagon had plunged over a cliff, the church or Conference might have been held liable! The remedy often lies deeper than ordinary automobile liability insurance. Campers, for example, can be insured every moment, on the road and in camp. It may be wise for your church to consult a reputable insurance man about liability and medical coverage, and special policies for church-group trips —EDS.

"Simon Peter saith unto them,

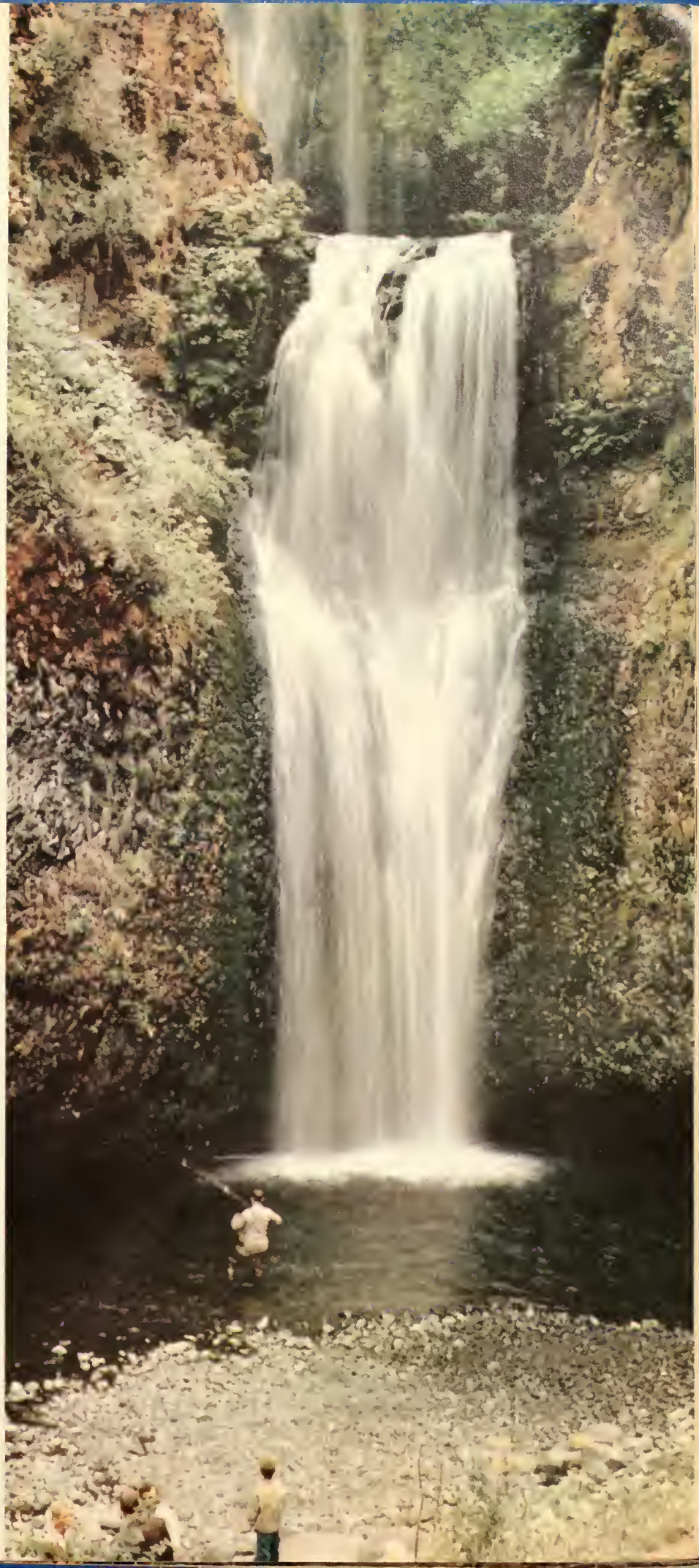
I Go a Fishing

They say unto him, We also go with thee."
—John 21:3

THIS biblical passage appeared on the title page of the first edition of *The Compleat Angler,* written 307 years ago by Izaak Walton, who declared: "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." Now, during the leafy months of summer, 1960, millions of Americans will, like Peter, "go a fishing." The disciple, of course, was a commercial fisherman; his decision to let down his nets, after the crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ, indicated no desire for recreation.

Almost every angler has a spot he prefers above all others. It may be a clear, cold creek threading an isolated mountain wilderness; a Midwestern lake alive with muskellunge or walleyes; a farm pond jumping with bass and crappies, or a Vermont brook brawling between color-rich hills. Often the fisherman goes alone, seeking the key to soul-refreshing Communion with God and nature.

Not that every fisherman doesn't live in eternal anticipation of that explosion in the water, that flash of silver, and that exciting tug at the end of his line. But even if this never comes, the angler hasn't lost. For there is much more to fishing than fish.



White water cascades down from a high, green mountain valley into an Oregon trout pool, where a lone angler tries his luck and an envious lad watches from the bank.

"In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade
When cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand..."

—Alexander Pope

Traffic jam: eager anglers flock to Wolf River at Fremont, Wis., as the walleye season opens.

A lazy day—but in Havasu Lake's placid waters, on the Arizona side of the Colorado, the big ones are lurking.

FISHING, it is said, is the quiet sport of the contemplative rather than the nervous, distressed man; this oldest and most widely enjoyed of pastimes was made for prayerful meditation and clear thinking. Sir Henry Wotton, a friend of Izaak Walton, wrote: " 'Tis an employment of my idle time, which is then not idly spent; a rest to my mind, a cheerer of my spirits, a diverter of sadness, a

As though silhouetted by blue moonlight, and alone with his thoughts, he casts into the restless billows off a Florida beach.

calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness."

True, fishing is an individual thing; yet the father who fishes often with his son will seldom find a juvenile delinquent in his home. Writers of prose and poetry have extolled the virtues of this most wholesome of sports, and the Bible, in both Old and New Testaments, refers to fishing and fishermen scores of times.

In the rapids below a tumbling waterfall in upper Michigan these speckled beauties fought hard, but the angler had the two big attributes—patience and skill.

Fish that flashed like silver bullets on the lure now slowly turn to a golden brown in the angler's frying pan.

Thundering out of a gorge in Grand Canyon country, this stream is so inaccessible that its trout seldom see an artificial fly.

It's near the close of a soft summer's day and his catch is on the string. Behind are the woes and cares of daily living. The watchword for the moment: relax.

THE UNITED STATES is blessed, as are few nations on earth, with an almost limitless variety of promising fishing waters. Few Americans are not within easy driving distance of a river, an ocean, a pond, or a lake.

It is estimated that there are some 30 million fishing licenses sold each year in this country and Canada, not to mention the small fry and pole fishers who often require no license. Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent on boats and fishing tackle by those who find angling "to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending..."

Fishing is fun, whether from a dock or a river's flowery bank—and in years to come these carefree boyhood days will burn as bright memories, reaching out to steady and sustain the man.

A Together in the

Home

feature

"All but the youngest leaned against the tail gate. . . . Finally the truck started to rock—and soon we were on our way."

If It's Worth Doing, It's Worth Doing!

By DOROTHY VAN ARK

ONE SUMMER when I was vacationing in the Grand Tetons, I saw an announcement for an oil-painting class. There, I thought, is something I've always wanted to do. Why not try it?

When I got to the class, I discovered that all the students were far advanced and the instructor was one of the West's most famous artists. Just as awesome was the scenery before us, for the Tetons are one of the world's most magnificent ranges.

I looked at them despairingly, opened my beginner's set of oils, and gingerly squeezed some paint on the palette. The color and vitality of the oils entranced me and, after a few tentative swipes, I forgot the experts.

At the end of the day, when the instructor made his rounds to deliver his analysis of each painting, he stood before mine for a moment. "Well," he said finally, "you covered the canvas."

Since then I've covered a lot of canvases, but if I'd followed that old rule, "If it's worth doing, it's worth doing well," I wouldn't have dared—and I'd have missed a lot of fun.

Our four children, now eight to

16, have joined me often in painting sessions. I'm afraid they'll never be famous artists either, but I believe they're learning something more important for happiness and pleasure. They're learning to try anything.

MY mother taught me this. Nothing ever stopped her. One time she got the idea she'd like to see how she'd look in different hairdos. She rigged a mirror in back of a cardboard carton, cut a 10-inch hole in the front, and stuck her face through. She'd painted a wheel inside with different coiffures and, as she turned it, she could see her own face framed with each arrangement.

"Say, some beauty-parlor chain should like this," a friend exclaimed one day. As it turned out, one did. But it wasn't the fact Mother sold it that impressed me. It was the conference in our living room with the firm's lawyer and engineer. "I can't get over it," the engineer said, examining the box. "This woman has put the thing together with hairpins, chewing gum, and plastic tape. And the amazing part is, it works!"

Even today, Mother's creed, "No matter if it's a wild idea, try it," still nudges me.

One summer I suggested to my husband that the best way to get our four children and three horses into the nearby Rockies was to get an old truck. "We can take along a small stove and icebox, put in a folding table and chairs, and when the horses move out we can camp in the truck," I explained enthusiastically.

"Impossible!" Van snorted.

"How do we know if we don't try?" I persisted. So we tried; the truck, which cost only $275, accommodated both horses and people, and served us for three summers of memorable fun. Of course, though, it wasn't perfect. One of its foibles was boiling over on steep grades. Then, when we stopped to fill the radiator from the first mountain stream, the starter would lock and we'd have to rock the heavy vehicle to get it started.

One day, when Van wasn't with me and I was carrying our three horses, this happened on an isolated road. There wasn't a car in sight. It would take a derrick, I thought desperately, to rock that monster. All I had to help me were four young children, all looking at me expectantly.

"It's no use," I burst out. "Daddy was right. This is impossible. I never should have tried it."

My oldest daughter's eyes blazed. "You always tell us to try anything," she said accusingly. "Let's get together and push."

We all piled out and followed her around to the rear. All but the youngest leaned against the tail gate as we chanted: "One-two-three, push! One-two-three, push!" Finally the truck started to rock—and soon we were on our way. "Try anything" seems to gain strength with each generation.

I'm especially glad my mother taught me her philosophy when I see how others—because of their rearing—stray away from challenges. I have one friend, for example, who says that when she was growing up she wanted to be a dancer; her mother, however, emphasized only the hard work and stiff competition. Later, when she wanted to be a nurse, her mother insisted that the years of training were too long.

"Maybe I'd have given up the ideas of my own accord," my friend told me, "but I can't seem to give up the negative attitude Mother taught me. To this day, I'm afraid to think up any original ideas."

This couldn't have happened if she'd grown up in our atmosphere of "go ahead, try anything!" The only time Van and I discourage our children, other than when their ideas are dangerous to health or morals, is when their thinking seems too conventional or when they decide to do something just because everybody's doing it.

When our 11-year-old wanted to join the school band, she said: "I think I'll play the flute."

"Why the flute?" I asked.

"Nancy plays one and I want to sit next to her."

Since playing a musical instrument should be a form of self-expression rather than a mirror of the self-expression of the girl in the next seat, we suggested she think it over. She did—and decided that what she really wanted to play was the accordion.

"I could take that along when we go on camping trips," she said. "And maybe the kids might even ask me to bring it to parties."

Her explanation helped us realize that what she needed, more than conforming to a group activity, was to develop her own individuality, both at home, where she felt lost as a middle child, and socially, where she felt unsure. And that's exactly what the accordion has done for her.

"Go ahead and try anything" develops individuality as well as self-confidence. When our oldest was nominated for president of junior high, she campaigned by hopping around the schoolyard on a jumping stick. Her slogan was, "Vote for the girl with bounce!" Her sister adopted a variation when she campaigned. She used stilts: "Vote for the girl who's head and shoulders above the crowd." Were their campaigns successful? One won, the other didn't. But both gained assurance.

OUR first-born was in the seventh grade when she came home with an assignment to write a one-page description of every instrument in the orchestra. "That will be 30 pages long and dull," she complained. "Do you think I could write it as though I'm just a little note that wants to play? Then I could interview each instrument, with the French horn

LOAVES OF BREAD

Through dusty streets I see them come,
The Master and his friends,
To seek a place for quiet rest,
As daylight slowly ends.

A bowl of water, clear and cool,
To ease his weary feet
Is swiftly brought by loving hands,
And bread that he may eat.

How sweet the joy if mine had been
The hands that made the bread,
If I had been the one who served,
And heard the words he said.

There yet are loaves that I may make,
And water cool to bring
To weary ones; thus I may be
Of service to the King.

—*Eva Johnston*

saying 'au revoir' and the drum talking in a booming voice." She got the first A the teacher had ever given for that assignment.

Even our children's seemingly hopeless dreams usually win encouragement from Van and me. When our oldest was 14, she told me one day: "More than anything in the world, I want to be a great actress."

"How do you want to start?" I asked.

"Well, the Nomads are having tryouts for their new play tonight. May I try for a part?"

The Nomads are an adult group of community players, but they agreed to let her try. She read a copy of the play that afternoon and borrowed one of my dresses so she'd look older. As we drove to the theater she was trembling and her voice shook, but once she got on the stage she read two parts with a poise that amazed me—and she got one!

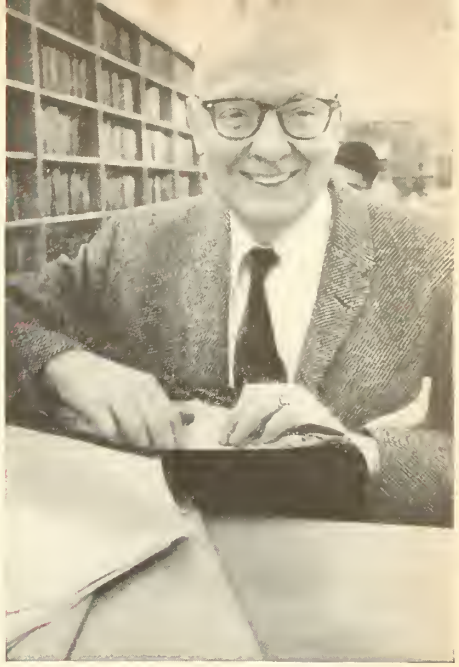
Must Helen Hayes look to her laurels? I think not, but something wonderful has happened to our daughter. She's found an absorbing interest that can affect her life, and I don't mean seeing her name in lights. As I drove her to the theater every night and watched the rehearsals, I realized how many talents and abilities there are among plain, ordinary housewives. The satisfying outlet they find in small-town theaters doesn't tear them from their families, but their efforts make them happier and better adjusted wives and mothers.

Trying doesn't take talent and there's no age limit. A 65-year-old woman I know just joined a writing group. She says: "Every time I start feeling old and discouraged, I look around for a new interest, something I've never tried before. I don't care if I never get published. I've been so busy trying that I haven't had a chance to feel sorry for myself in weeks."

Personally, I've been trying to write for years and, considering the investment of time, my efforts are a financial failure. But they've paid off all the same in the fun I've had. I'm trying to pass the try-anything idea along to my children because there's always a chance they'll surprise themselves. Take my writing efforts, for instance. You're reading my article, aren't you?

Dr. Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



What is my soul like?

Try to describe it or define it exactly and you're in trouble.

David Hume, the Scotch philosopher, once said: "For my part, when I enter most intimately into what I call myself, I always stumble upon some particular perception or other, heat or cold, light or shade, love or hatred, pain or pleasure. I can never observe anything but perception." But the soul is not something to be perceived—touched, heard, or seen; it is the perceiver.

The soul is not the Freudian ego, seeking sensual satisfactions, or the id of psychology, out of which ego and libido tendencies develop. It is not conscience, making moral judgments. More accurately, it is the self, the true self, the inner self that has responsibility for all the person's life, the self that will go on after the incident that, for want of a better term, we call death.

Can I be moral without being religious?

Possibly! There are good, kind, neighborly citizens in most communities who apparently have no religious beliefs or feelings. They do not go to church, yet do not feel that something is lacking. They have some faith in God, but nothing that compels and draws them to him as we know it should.

Furthermore, there are varying degrees of religiousness, or righteousness, if you want a better word. For most of us, religion is not a matter of ritualistic practices, or pious patterns, or holy habits—but right relationship to God. And so, vital religion makes it easier for us to follow the rules, to be moral.

Do Protestants and Catholics disagree about alcohol?

Not all Protestants sing the same tune (Lutherans and Episcopalians often being out of harmony with Methodists and Baptists) but practically all Roman Catholics and Protestants agree that drunkenness is sin. Many Catholics, however, insist that alcohol is God's creation, made for man's use and enjoyment, and therefore drinking in moderation is within God's will for man. Many Protestants, on the other hand, condemn any use of alcoholic beverages as a misuse of alcohol.

The Methodist Church and a number of other Protestant bodies put high priority on abstinence (official-board members must be total abstainers, according to Par. 207 of the *Discipline*). The Roman Catholic Church, which has a number of abstinence societies and movements in its membership, does not require abstinence but places a high value on sobriety. In practice, it condemns irresponsible drinking and, while regarding the alcoholic as a sick man, holds him morally responsible for the personal and social consequences of his drinking.

A graduate of Garrett Biblical Institute, Dr. T. Otto Nall is editor of the *Christian Advocate*. He is also the author of several books, the latest of which is *The Bible When You Need It Most* [Association Press, 50¢].

Kamikaze for God

By HERBERT L. SHORE

DAWN, August 14, 1945. Kamikaze pilot Sakai Kobayashi sat in his sleek, explosives-packed fighter plane, waiting for the signal to take off. His mission: destroy a Tokyo-bound American bomber by diving into it. This was to be the 21-year-old airman's first—and last—assignment. The take-off signal would send him to his own death, a flying suicide who would sacrifice his own life, as he had sworn, to protect his "divine" emperor.

But Kobayashi did not die. As he sat tense, testing his controls and trying to realize that he had only minutes to live, the squadron commander raced out onto the field. Abruptly, the mission was canceled, the men summoned back to the briefing room. There the bombshell announcement burst: Japan had surrendered!

The squadron commander had heard an Allied broadcast announcing the end of the war. Untypically, he had believed it, at least enough to cancel the suicide mission. Many of the men, however, were skeptical; even when the emperor read the imperial rescript of surrender over the radio, they doubted that the end had really come. They had never before heard the emperor—the divine presence, descendant of the gods—speaking, and this high, quavering voice was completely unlike their idea of how he should sound.

There was open conflict in the squadron that day. Some argued that they were being duped by an Allied trick. Others said sadly that the surrender was real; the emperor had spoken. Some were ready to give up. Others wanted to fight on, even if this could be only a final act of desperation and death. At night, armed guards were posted around the barracks to prevent violence. And finally, when the GIs landed, many men in the squadron committed suicide.

A bewildered Kobayashi was given a little money, a blanket, two uniforms, shoes, and rice, and discharged. All the way home he stared out the train window at a land in ruins and wondered what lay ahead. Where would he go? What would he do? He had started his military career at 14 when he entered an academy. At 19 he had joined the Army as a career man. Now he was going home, defeated, the purpose and meaning burned out of his life.

Wakayama, Kobayashi's home town, was a city of desolation. He knew that it had been bombed and his father's house burned, but he had never dreamed that the ruin was so complete. When he finally found the plot on which his home had stood, all that remained was an iron bathtub, standing grotesquely in the midst of the rubble. Beside it was a pile of bricks and, on top of the pile, a small square of wood on which Kobayashi's father had carefully written their new address.

The family was living, all crowded together in one room, in the dormitories at the university where the elder Kobayashi taught literature. His grandmother had been fatally burned in a fire-bomb raid, his brother had been killed in Burma.

Almost immediately, Kobayashi was involved in the family's struggle for survival. He cleared away the wreckage from the site of their former home and planted seeds hoarded away long ago. On the black market, he traded personal belongings for things the family needed. And later, when he began to harvest the garden, he traded some of his crop for bits of fish and fuel.

Gradually people in the conquered city pieced together a routine of daily living. Kobayashi, however, had a special fear of the occupation; he had been both a military officer and a kamikaze pilot. He hid his uniforms, sword, and other military accessories. But sometimes he got together with other young ex-servicemen, always secretly and in the late-night hours. Organized meetings were against occupation rules and although Kobayashi's were merely gabfests, all the men were former officers and the authorities might have been suspicious had they known.

The men talked about the war sometimes, but mostly about the jobs that were hard to find, the schools they could not get into, the uncertainty of the future, and the loneliness of the passing days. Once it had been an honor for a family to have an officer in its circle; now these men were barred from many jobs. They could not join labor unions or hold public office. Worse, rumors circulated that it would be wise for others to shun them.

And so Sakai Kobayashi, once a respected man, spent lonely hours hunting for a job, working in his vegetable garden, and traveling about in a crude wagon with wooden wheels, bartering for the things his family needed.

It was almost a year before he found a job as night watchman at a refinery. Like everything else since the war, it, too, was shrouded in loneliness. But one night, while making his rounds, Sakai saw a light coming from an office window. Inside, a girl sat at a desk, eating from a lunch box and reading. Sakai watched her quietly. Then—perhaps because of loneliness, perhaps because of something more—he entered the office and introduced himself.

The girl—call her Michiko Toyama—frequently worked overtime and Kobayashi came to chat. Each time he noticed the same book; finally he asked her about it.

With a smile, she handed it to him, open to the title page: *The New Testament of Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ*. Questions raced into his mind: What is the New Testament? Who is Our Lord? Kobayashi knew nothing about these matters. But he did know that this was the religion of the enemy, the men who had bombed Japan and beaten her. This was the religion of the men who had killed his grandmother and his brother and who had destroyed his home.

He looked at the girl with mingled bitterness and contempt. Yet there was his loneliness, holding him, refusing to let him leave. He realized that Michiko was trying to explain about the book and the religion it represented. Finally, when she saw her words only perplexed him, she offered to take him to church the following Sunday.

There wasn't much left of Wakayama's Christian church. The steeple had been blasted away and the building gutted. There, in the midst of these ruins, Kobayashi heard a Japanese minister preach the words of Christ:

"I say to you, Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you."

How could you love the men who killed your brother, bombed your home, punished you for loyalty to your country, left you without a purpose or a future? How could you love these men who walked the streets as conquerors?

Night after night Kobayashi pondered the sermon as he made his refinery rounds. He talked to Michiko about it. When he asked, "How can we love them?" she smiled gently and promised him, "You will see."

His soul had been emptied by the violent change in his life, but he decided to go to church again. And he began to read the Bible and the booklets Michiko gave him.

Sometimes, when he discussed his thoughts with his father, the older man warned him: "My son, you are close to the fire." But never did his father interfere. The Kobayashis were Buddhists, but there was a long tradition of individual freedom in the family.

His Army friends came to argue with him, often violently, about his attendance at a Christian church. Sakai defended Christianity—but he didn't know why. For what was he searching? Why was he so deeply involved in his enemies' religion?

Then late one night, as he sat reading by the light of a small lamp, he suddenly knew. He read, "The former things have passed away. . . . I make all things new."

It was as if a voice had spoken to him directly. In an instant, his great decision was made. He read the verse again and again. With each reading, his determination was renewed. In the morning, he told his father of his plans—to enter a seminary to study for the Christian ministry.

The old man, shaking his head sadly, embraced his son. So much had happened to shatter his world, the world of the old faiths and the old ways. Gently he gave Sakai his blessing, making him promise only not to allow this to weaken the family's strong ties.

Since that day, 11 years have passed. Sakai Kobayashi today is a minister of the Gospel with his own church in Japan. His entire family has accepted Christianity—and their ties are stronger than ever.

It would be nice to say that Michiko married Sakai and they lived happily ever after, but although she is happily married, it is not to Sakai. He, too, now is married. But to this day he carries with him wherever he goes, carefully wrapped in a silken shawl, the Bible Michiko gave him.

"See," he once said when showing the Bible, "this is a Japanese translation, but there is one sentence in English—'Printed in the United States of America in 1946.' This Bible was a missionary to me from the Church in America."

Sakai Kobayashi, a firm believer in the power of the printed and spoken word, has dedicated himself to spreading God's Word throughout Japan by literature and speech.

Kamikaze, in Japanese, means "divine wind." At long last, after bitterness and suffering, Sakai Kobayashi has indeed become part of the divine wind—the wind that carries God's Word, with its message of life rather than death. Sakai Kobayashi today is truly a kamikaze for God.

The take-off signal, which would send him on a suicidal mission, never came. Japan had surrendered!

God Slapped Me

By LOUISE BERRY

HOW BRAVE she is! That was what my children and friends thought when my husband died. How little they knew! I wasn't brave at all. I was the weakest kind of coward. In my heart I even planned indirect suicide.

When I awoke the morning after the funeral, I felt alone in an empty world without meaningful sounds or feelings. I hadn't wept the day before; I couldn't weep now. I wasn't alive enough to weep. I just longed to be with Logue, to slip my hand into his. What a relief it would be to close my eyes and never open them again! It would be easy to die. With my ailing heart, I'd have to make special efforts to stay alive. And if I didn't try . . .

Dishes rattled in the kitchen and soon my younger son, Gayle, a high-school senior, came to my room with a cup of scalding coffee. I should have been overwhelmed by his effort to fill his father's place. Bringing coffee each morning had been a ritual of Logue's.

He sat on the edge of the bed. "How do you feel, Mother?"

"Fine," I smiled. "Just fine."

His eyes shone with pride and unshed tears. I knew he, too, was thinking I was brave, and I didn't even care that he was wrong. He's self-sufficient, I thought. He wouldn't miss me long. He kissed my cheek and went back to the kitchen to finish breakfast. Soon he was back.

"Breakfast is ready. Where's your robe?"

With his help, I made it to the table. I smiled and forced down a bit of scrambled egg. "Hurry," I said. "You'll be late for school."

When he had gone, I crept back to bed and dozed until footsteps awakened me. My other son, Buddy, and his wife, Frances, came into the room.

"Buddy has to go get a trailer," Frances announced, "so I'm staying with you."

"Good," I managed to say, but I wished they hadn't come. I wanted to be alone.

Frances made tea and spooned it to me as she talked quietly. "If you feel like sleeping, go ahead," she said finally. "You're exhausted from being up so many nights."

Gratefully, I closed my eyes, thinking, "They're so complete, the two of them—so in love. They wouldn't miss me long." Again I slept; when I awoke Frances was gone and the phone was ringing insistently. It was my daughter, Amanda, a senior in college, who had returned to school after the funeral to take her finals.

"Mother? I didn't want you worrying about my getting back to school safely. Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," I said brightly, covering a feeling of shame. For the first time since Amanda had been traveling back and forth to school, I had failed to pray for her safety. I hadn't even thought of it!

I should have been thanking God for such wonderful children. I thought of mothers left with unloving, heartbreaking children. But it was no use; it simply didn't matter. "Dear God," I tried to pray, "give me the courage, the strength, the will . . ." But deep within me, my honest prayer was: "Don't let it be too long before I can go and join Logue."

Days, now only blurred memories, slipped by. I smiled repeatedly and said, "I'm fine, just fine." And I know that everyone was mistakenly saying, "How brave she is!"

Then one night it came, the sweet pain I'd been awaiting. It stabbed me in the chest, jerking me awake. Gratitude filled me. I made no move toward the nitroglycerin tablets on my night stand. I lay waiting, praying this attack would take me. If it didn't, I would overtax my heart every way I knew so the next one would be the last. The two older children certainly didn't need me. But there was Gayle, only 16. That's still pretty young. Unsteadily, I reached for the tablets, put two under my tongue, and lay quietly until the pain subsided. Then, penitently, I slipped to my knees by the bed. "Make me want to live, O God. Help me . . ."

"Mother," Gayle called the next morning, awakening me from sodden sleep. His voice had a little boy's plaintive tone. I went to his room and blinked at the ludicrous sight. His eyes twinkled, but a pained grin was sandwiched between two incredibly swollen jaws.

"I guess I've got the mumps," he said apologetically.

"I guess you have. You're about the mumpiest guy I've ever seen."

As I started to fix breakfast, Gayle called from his bedroom, "Mother, you'd better phone Buddy and tell him to come see about Blackie. Her calf is due any day."

Even as he spoke, the phone rang. It was Frances. "Would you have Gayle stop by on his way to school to milk our cow, Mom? Buddy has the mumps."

"So has Gayle," I replied.

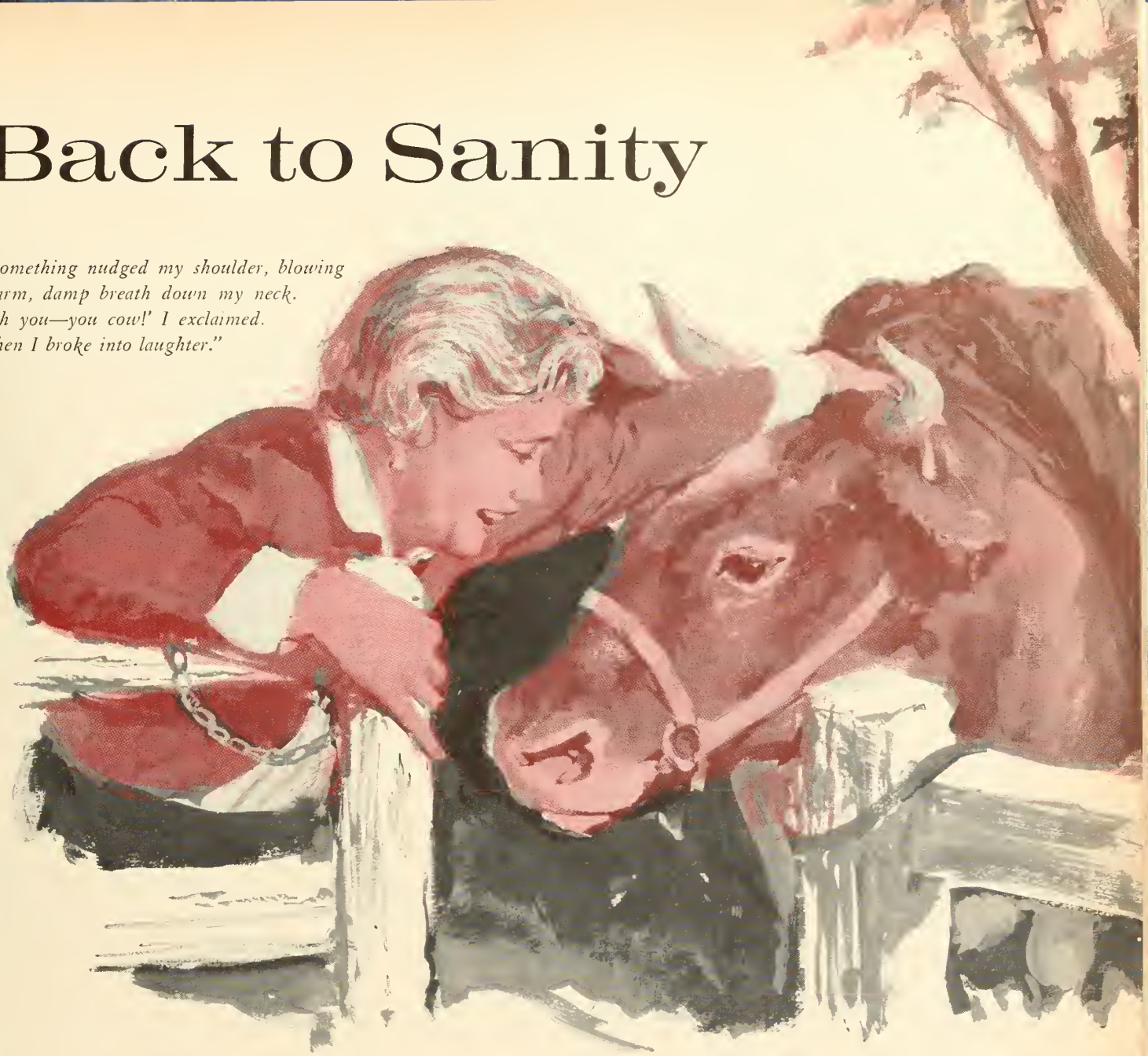
"Mom!" she shrieked with laughter. I tried to laugh with her, but all I could manage was a weak chuckle.

Neighbors agreed to take care of the cows while Frances and I nursed the boys. Their recovery seemed to be going well—until one afternoon when Frances called, her voice agitated. "Buddy has a fever of 105 and a terrible headache. I'm scared."

"I'll be right there," I promised. Fear tightened my throat. I called our doctor in El Paso.

"Sounds like encephalitis," he said. "Send him to City-County Hospital.

Back to Sanity



"Something nudged my shoulder, blowing warm, damp breath down my neck. 'Oh you—you cow!' I exclaimed. Then I broke into laughter."

It's the only place that will take him with mumps—unless you know someone here who will put you up."

I did—a friend who had an unoccupied apartment.

I watched the departing car as Frances drove off with Buddy, her eyes wide with fright. "Dear God, please spare him for her," I prayed.

In three days Buddy was home, weak but safe. It had been a severe infection, not encephalitis. Humbly, I offered another prayer of thanks and sank back into my gray world. Still God didn't give me up.

The day Gayle was to have returned to school he called me before dawn. "Mother, I hate to tell you, but I have a sharp pain in my stomach. I've had it all night."

"Acute appendicitis," the doctor said over the phone. "Bring him up to the hospital immediately." How could he ask me that? He knew my husband had died in a hospital only 18 days before!

"I'll be waiting," he promised.

As I drove, I realized that time was short. I went as fast as I dared, glancing back frequently at Gayle's white face. "Dear God," I prayed, "please don't punish me through him."

Several hours later the doctor put an arm around me. "He's a tough boy. He'll be all right. Stay with him till he comes out of the ether. Then you go home and sleep!

"There's got to be a limit to what mothers can stand—even you."

The next few days I was too busy to think of myself. I drove back and forth to El Paso, stopped to see Buddy, who was still too weak to work, stayed with him while Frances got out, and occasionally checked on Blackie, who still hadn't had her calf. Friends called, incredulous of my apparent calmness. "I'm glad my name isn't Berry!" one exclaimed. "What's going to happen to you next?"

I found out the evening I brought Gayle home. I stopped the car near the front door and sat looking at the empty house. It was dark and gloomy in the lengthening shadows. I couldn't bear to go inside. It would always be empty without Logue.

"Come on, Mother," Gayle

A Child's First Doubt

By DOLORES C. LASHLEY

ONE EVENING, as I was helping my young son prepare for bed, he suddenly turned and declared, "I am not going to say my prayers any more."

At first I was shocked, for I thought we had instilled in him our firm belief that everything good in our lives comes from God, that we should continually express our gratitude for these blessings through prayer. But, I realized, even a child's searching mind can arrive at the obstacle I once had faced before gaining complete faith in God—the hurdle of the first doubt. I knew I had to say something. But what?

Looking into the serious face of my son, I recalled that he never had been rebellious, nor was he accustomed to giving rash, negative replies. And because he always had seemed happy and secure, I felt certain that this decision was due to some studied conclusion on his part —although I had no idea what.

I was silent only a few moments. Then I asked, "Why have you decided not to talk to God any more?" ("Talking to God" had been my earliest definition of prayer for him.)

"Because," he replied promptly, "God never talks to me. How do I even know he hears what I say?"

As I wondered how I could explain to his immature mind something so vital, so true, that I long since had ceased to question it, he impulsively stood up in bed, put his chubby arms around my neck, and exclaimed, "But I love you, Mamma!" Unknowingly, he had given me my answer.

"Why, my darling," I began, "God does talk to you, many times a day, but he talks to your heart. That's where you hear him. You just have to listen, that's all.

"Remember when Judy moved next door? The very first day you asked if you could invite her over because you thought she might be lonely. Well, God had spoken to your heart. He was teaching you kindness.

"Another day, when I was writing to Grandmother and Grandfather, you asked if you might print 'thank you' on their letter for the ball they sent you. It was then that God was teaching you always to give thanks.

"You know how often you let Tommy ride your tricycle? That is God telling you to be unselfish.

"And last night, when Daddy came home tired, you didn't wait for him to ask, but rushed to bring him the evening paper. That was thoughtfulness God was teaching you."

I paused, trying to judge his reaction before I continued.

"But just now, God told you the most important part of all his teaching."

"What, Mamma?" my son asked eagerly. "What did he say just now?"

"Why, when you put your arms around my neck and said you loved me, God was reminding you that we always must love one another."

My son gazed intently at me, his bright face showing deep thought. Then, silently, he crawled out of bed and knelt beside me. In his small, clear voice, he began:

"Our Father, who art . . ."

prodded. I hesitated momentarily.

From the direction of the corral came a faint "maa." We could see Blackie making licking motions over an object on the ground.

"I'll go see about her," said Gayle, starting toward the barn.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" I said firmly. "You get in bed. I still know how to milk."

Without going into the house, I hurried to the corral. I had forgotten to look for Blackie the day before and the calf could be 48 hours old now. As I entered the pen, the cow tossed up her head and went through another gate into a small pasture.

I followed and almost had her halter in my grasp when she skittered away again. We went through the same motions repeatedly around the pasture. Frustration rising, I stumbled and fell several times. My stockings were in shreds; my legs burned from scratches and sand. At last, with tears threatening, I gave up. "All right. Go ahead and get milk fever!" I cried.

Painfully, I trudged back to the corral and was starting out the gate when something nudged my shoulder, blowing warm, damp breath down my neck. "Oh you—you cow!" I exclaimed. Then I broke into laughter. I laughed as I put the milking stool beside her. I laughed and laughed, leaning my head against her flank, then loudly with my head thrown back.

"Mother," Gayle called from the house. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, darling," I gasped. "I'm fine. It's just this crazy cow."

Laughter was bubbling deep in my heart and I knew I was indeed all right once more. I had been hovering near the borderline of sanity. Each time I had been about to slip over, God had slapped me back. First there was the boys' mumps, then Buddy's infection, then Gayle's appendicitis. Now, a capricious cow.

Laughter had done what nothing else had been able to do. I really am all right, I breathed. I want to live! My children need me. They will need me for years. And when they don't, someone else will.

Torrential tears began streaming down my face. I leaned against Blackie's warm side as my body shook with cleansing sobs. God had led me back home once more.

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

"I enjoyed your sermon on young people, Rev. Hartman . . . I almost got the impression that you were human once yourself!"

Q *Why are some church boys hypocrites? I have two neighbors. I see them at MYF, acting fine and clean. Later in the week I hear them swearing. One of the boys smokes. Can't they be decent?—E.H.*

A Probably they're trying. Teenage boys usually face more temptations than girls. Many of them flounder. Ask your MYF leader to arrange discussions of this topic. You might help the boys that way.

Q *Does owning a car cause a boy to get lower grades? I'm 17. I want a car and have saved money to buy one. But Dad says my grades would suffer. Is that necessarily so?—L.F.*

A On the average, car owners' grades suffer. However, a few boys are exceptional. Perhaps one boy in 10 can keep up a car without slighting his studies.

Q *I've liked a boy since I was seven. I now am 17. He is 23. We went out together several times last year. Then he dropped me. Now he hardly speaks to me. His explanation is that I'm too little and too young for him. I'm losing weight. I can't sleep nights. I think only of him. Can I make myself stop loving him?—N.K.*

A It won't be easy, but it can be done. Get rid of everything which reminds you of him—letters, pictures, mementos. Keep busy day and night doing interesting things with good kids. Don't let yourself brood. When you feel that you can't stand it, talk with your mother. She'll understand and you'll feel better. Eat an adequate diet. Watch your health. In time you'll be able to date other boys. Gradually your love will be erased.

Q *I'm 19 but have been slow to develop. I'm worried. Often my voice sounds miles away. It is as though someone else was speaking. I have spells of feeling dopey. When I'm that way I can't think clearly or answer questions. This has gone on for two years. What's wrong with me?—E.N.*

A Maybe the cause is physical, maybe it's emotional. Have a complete examination. If your doctor says there are no physical problems, ask him to refer you to a psychiatrist.

Q *Shouldn't my father be the boss in my home? I'm a boy of 16. My father wants to treat me right. My mother treats me like a baby. My friends kick about having to be home Saturday nights by 10 or 11. I have to get in before dark. Other kids are driving. My mother says I can't drive until I'm at least 21. Should my father tell my mother off? Then I might have some liberty!—R.V.*

A Good marriages are partnerships. Your father shouldn't "tell off" your mother. Instead he should explain things to her. He should persuade her to check with other mothers of 16-year-old boys in your neighborhood. He should persuade, not dictate. But certainly you deserve more freedom than you have.

Q *I'm a girl of 15 and I love a boy who is 20. He is my first boy friend. I had planned to marry him. Then he did something bad and was arrested. The judge sent him away. I want to wait for him, but my mother*

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

Irvin S. Cobb once declared that one of the saddest announcements he ever read appeared on the bulletin board of a small church:

"Next Saturday night our annual Church Strawberry Festival will be held. On account of lack of funds, prunes will be served."

—Mrs. W. S. Parrish, Jr., *Loveland, Colo.*

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The Sunday-school teacher told a group of seven-year-olds to draw a picture of the Garden of Eden. As she went around to look at each one, she came to my son, who had made his picture black.

"Mike," the teacher asked," where is your garden?"

"Here it is," he replied. "I just planted it and it hasn't come up yet."

—Mrs. Eugene Warlick, *Waverly, Tenn.*

•

"That was a grand sermon you preached last Sunday," said an old farm woman to her pastor. Testing her memory, he asked, "What was my text?"

"Ah, Pastor," she replied, "I don't know. But I came home and took the false bottom out of my peck measure."

—Mrs. Anna Zacharias, *Edgerton, Wis.*

•

A four-year-old girl, home from her first day at church, was asked what she thought of the services.

"Oh, they were all right," came the reply, "but I didn't think it was fair that the man up front did all the work and then somebody else came around and took all the money."

—Mrs. Charles Woehrer, *Valley Farms, Ariz.*

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Your favorite church-related story will amuse other readers, too. Send it in today. If we print it, you'll receive $5. Sorry; no contributions can be returned.—Eds.

says I can't. She tells me he's no good. She won't let me write to him. Must I obey my mother?—C.C.

A Yes. At your age love can change quickly. Your feeling for the young man probably will not last. Your mother may be right about him. You'll be happier and safer with the good kids of your own age.

Q *I'm 15. I went with a boy 16. His parents made us stop seeing each other. The reason is my mother. She steps out on my father. People know about it. His folks say I'll be just as bad as she is. I cry when they say that. I'm a good Methodist girl. What can I do?—H.L.*

A Talk with your minister. He might be able to help your mother. I'm sure he could comfort you. Many fine young people have one parent who makes serious mistakes. You won't be bad just because of your mother's error. Be guided by your minister's advice.

Q *I'm afraid I'll steal something. I never have stolen, but several times I've been around when things were missing. I always felt guilty. I have bad dreams about stealing. I'm a girl of 16. Does my fear mean I'm going to be a thief in spite of myself? —E.B.*

A No, you are not. Your fear is like other irrational feelings some people have—fear of high places, for example, or of being enclosed. It is the outward manifestation of anxieties which started when you were tiny. You'll be helped by conferring with either a psychiatrist or psychologist. Ask your family doctor to refer you to one.

Q *My father died in 1956. Last summer my mother remarried. At first I liked my stepfather. Now I almost hate him. I'm 15, but he treats me like a baby. Sometimes he calls me bad names. He hasn't hit me, but I expect that next. If he does I'll clobber him. Is there any way out of this? —A.T.*

A Probably. Most stepfathers have a hard time understanding their new teen-agers. Usually they expect too much and they don't know how to treat them. Ask your mother to talk with your stepfather. She loves and can help you both. If possible, she should be the one who corrects you. You can take it from her better than from him. Be polite to your stepfather; don't think again of clobbering him. It takes time for good family relationships to devolop.

Q *I am a boy. I have a twin sister. I am slim, but she is almost 75 pounds overweight. She eats too much. She says she would stop, except that I keep teasing her about being fat. She says she eats to get even with me. Does she really mean this?—B.S.*

A She may think she means it, but probably she has some deeper emotional reasons for her overeating. Of course your teasing doesn't help. Try not to do it. Could she talk with a psychologist? You'll find good ones on the faculty of your nearest college.

Q *I am sore at my sister. She is only 13, and I'm 16. She has a sneaky way of getting out of doing the dishes. She always finagles me into cleaning up our room. What can I do about her?—A.G.*

A Sisters always quarrel. They are most apt to be bitter when they share one room. It is quite likely that your sister feels you are sneaky and unfair, too. Talk with your mother. Rely on her judgment.

Q *I'm a girl of 13. Often I sit at a window where I can watch high-school boys going by on their way home. When they wave to me I wave back. They whistle wolf whistles, and joke about me. I don't know them. I don't mean anything wrong. My mother tells me I should stop waving. Is she right?—F.L.*

A It is best for girls not to wave to boys they don't know. Your mother is right.

Q *I'm a girl 13. I'm taller than anybody else and thin. My chest is flat. I have pimples. My hair won't take a good wave. What's the use of a girl like me? I'll never amount to anything!—M.D.*

A You're wrong. You feel you are an ugly duckling now. But it won't last. Did you know that short

girls usually envy tall girls? You can be graceful. Your pimples will leave and you'll learn to arrange your hair. Talk with your mother. She went through a similar stage and will help you understand.

Q *I have a boy friend who says if I really loved him I wouldn't say no to him. We both are 14. I think it's wonderful to be in love, but risky. Is it fair for him to say that? —N.T.*

A No. I'm glad you have a good head on your shoulders. Keep saying no. And remember that at your age "love" and "crush" are synonymous.

Q *I'm a boy of 14. I'm afraid to talk to girls. I had a boy tell a girl that I liked her. She told him she liked me, too. At noon today I went up to her, but I was too nervous to say anything. She seemed nervous, too. We stood looking at each other a few minutes, then she hurried away. Why are we such fools?—S.M.*

A You aren't a fool. You both are shy. Millions of kids are. Could you have lunch together? Or walk between classes? Soon your tongues will be loosened.

Q *I am a coed. Three of my professors go out of their way to knock God and Christ. They say religion is a superstition. When I argue with them they get sarcastic. I am in danger of losing my faith. God is real, isn't he?—M.F.*

A Yes, he is. And so is Christ. The Sermon on the Mount is as true as it ever was. I am sorry your professors attack your faith. They reveal their own inadequacy. There is a fine Wesley Foundation at your university. Go to the leader of it. Tell him your worries. He'll help you to see the weaknesses of your professors' statements.

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DR. BARBOUR *writes just for you, teenagers. When you ask his advice, your identity always remains completely confidential. Write to him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

If That's What It Means!

By ROY L. SMITH

THE BOARD CHAIRMAN was no saint. Some of his business dealings were a little devious; not that he was actually dishonest, but those who dealt with him were wise to read the fine print on the contract.

Known as a hard man who did not let religion interfere with business, he always said in his own defense that all he ever expected of any man was a day's work for a day's wage. He seldom refused credit to anyone, but once he allowed a customer to "charge it," he expected full payment on the precise day agreed upon. If payment was not made, he called in a collection agency.

One day a member of the church had business dealings with him. Tempers flared. Angry because he could not have his way, the chairman began using violent profanity. The discussion broke up with both men refusing to budge an inch.

The other man carried the matter to the pastor. "He's the chairman of the official board of this church!" he exclaimed. "If that's what Christianity means, I want nothing to do with it. I've come to get my letter!"

Of course, the chairman's actions and attitudes were wrong. But so was the demand for the church letter. In the heated exchange, the chairman had acted in a manner that was not sanctioned by his church. His was a serious spiritual failure.

The aggrieved member, on the other hand, erred in thinking that his church sanctioned such conduct. When his pastor had cooled him down, he realized that he had reacted against such conduct only because the church had pointed him to the true way.

Because of his Christian training he had come to regard anything lower with contempt. It was because he knew what Christianity was that he was able to detect the difference between the chairman's performance and the church's teaching.

There are not enough perfect people in any church to fill all the offices with purified saints! We are under the necessity of using sidesteppers and second-besters. One proof we have that the Christian Church is a divine institution is that it has achieved divine results through imperfect servants.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

JULY 3

"Preach the word, be urgent in season and out of season, convince, rebuke, and exhort, be unfailing in patience and in teaching."—II Timothy 4:2

MOST OF US are good starters. We take on a new idea and make a new commitment, taking the church by storm. In youthful idealism, every young preacher feels he has the message and the life which will transform the world.

But when we meet opposition, when days lengthen into weeks and months into years with no great gains apparent, some lose interest in the cause. We become lax in our scholarship, less eager in our attempts to influence people, and, eventually, negligent in our work.

Every layman will understand this because he is used to such qualities in himself and others. It is easy to be enthusiastic about anything when others share our spirit. But when others do not share our concerns and our enthusiasms, or even voice strong opposition to us, we are not so likely to continue with the same vigor.

Alas! This is the story of many ministers—and laymen. It is interesting to note that the minister to whom today's Scripture is addressed had to be reminded of the necessity of keeping everlastingly at the job.

The cause of righteousness is seldom supported by the majority. All good causes become the peculiar responsibility of the minority. The Christian leader needs to remind himself continually that his success is not to be tested solely by the popularity of his cause. He must remember that here sustained resoluteness of purpose in the face of indifference and lack of visible results must be his distinguishing characteristic.

Prayer: Eternal God, who dost supply all our real needs, give us the constancy of purpose to keep believing in the worth of the Christian way of life, even when it is popular to be careless about our lives, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—FRED C. CLARK

JULY 10

"Hate evil, and love good, and establish justice in the gate; it may be that the Lord, the God of hosts, will be gracious to the remnant of Joseph." —Amos 5:15

A RECENT hit song says, "You can't have one without the other." Yet we continue to divide man into mental, physical, and spiritual parts. Some divide the Gospel into the social and personal. When will the children of God realize that some things can't be without some other things?

We have seen the sad results of hating evil just by hating evil, and have heard the plea to be delivered from the "servants" of the Lord. Obviously, hating can be a means to an end, and most often we don't want to think that we are asked to hate something.

We have become so tolerant that we have forgotten that really to love something implies disliking something opposed to it. We have not loved with our whole heart until in love we detest that which frustrates that thing which we love.

Often we have loved in our own little way, and that love has not made much effort to establish justice in the gate—here where we live. We have not loved man, or we would have hated those things which hurt him.

If anyone should come to the point of believing that he had fulfilled the requirements of hating evil, loving good, and establishing justice, he would probably be blind enough to believe that he had earned the graciousness of God.

The prerequisite to being in a position where God perhaps can be gracious is not so simple as we like to think. Grace is not given through an automatic sprinkling system that turns on when we get hot in our pursuit of hating evil, loving good, and establishing justice.

These steps along the way are good, but to stop a step short of the goal is failure. These steps of hating evil and loving good and establishing justice do not lift us to righteousness, but bring us under God's wings, where there is a chance that he may be gracious.

Hating, loving, and establishing are acts of faith, not actions for reward. They are acts of mercy, not acts for merit. No human strife will ever bring one to the point of receiving God's grace. All acts are inseparable parts of the Trinity, incomplete one without the other.

Prayer: May it be, God of hosts, that thou wilt continue to be gracious to the remnant united in hope to hate evil, and love good, and establish justice in the gate, even as in Christ Jesus. Amen.

—WILLIAM R. MOWAT

JULY 17

"Therefore let any one who thinks that he stands take heed lest he fall."—I Corinthians 10:12

I WAS IN a car pool during my college years, commuting daily to Arkansas State College. One day a blanket of ice covered the highway on our return trip. As we came to a gradual curve at the foot of a steep hill, our car stalled. We let it roll down to a side road where we could get a straight approach to try the hill again.

The wheels spun as we tried to go forward. All of us pushed, except the driver and one boy who merely watched. We slipped and fell several times, a joke to the one standing. Finally we got the car over the hill.

Our lazy friend stepped forward to re-enter the car. Just then, his feet slipped from under him and he fell

on his back, hard. His was the hardest fall of all.

Overconfidence often causes us to fall. Even as others are falling all about us, we think, "This won't happen to me." When we possess faith in our Savior, he is near. He calls us to service. This is the way we test ourselves.

When our faith is in Christ, not in self, in man, or in any other thing, then we shall stand. Should we fall, in Christ we shall rise again.

In the Christian life, we must grow. We cannot stand still. The servant feared his master and hid his talent, only to be rebuked, while those who used their talents were praised. Unless we put ourselves into the service of our Master, we shall fall.

Prayer: Dear Father, may we never feel we can stand without your help. Forgive us for our arrogance; humble us, that we may see clearly the course you have planned for us. Give us faith to live by; determination to serve, and counsel to hold steadfast. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

—C. EVERETTE PATTON

JULY 24

"For I desire steadfast love and not sacrifice, the knowledge of God, rather than burnt offerings."—Hosea 6:6

IN MY PARISH I have a number of enthusiastic "rock hounds" who have extensive collections of specimens found in this section. Seen in the fields or mountains, these rocks appear rough and homely. But when they have been cut and polished, their true inner beauty is revealed to human eyes. Beautiful colors are hidden in the interior of uncut rocks; intricate designs and patterns await the eager seeker.

Beneath the surface of many human experiences there are undetected riches. Who would have thought, for instance, that out of one man's bitter experience with an unfaithful wife could come a glorious insight into the nature of God? From many unlikely sources come truths of radiant beauty.

Hosea reveals to all who seek the truth the deathless love of God for man. God's covenant love is steadfast and sure. In sharp contrast, Israel's love for God is as capricious as a cloud (Hosea 6:4). Because the people have turned to the Baalim, punishment is due and will certainly come, but restoration also will come when repentance and true loyalty fill the hearts of the faithful.

God's requirements for restoration are simple: he demands inner loyalty rather than external rites. Rituals and sacrifices may have their place, but unless they are anchored to the reality of steadfast love, they are empty and meaningless. The personal knowledge of God is more important than burnt offerings. These truths are still fundamental to the man of faith.

Prayer: O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst scorn sham and hypocrisy during the years of your earthly ministry, deliver me from this snare. Strengthen every high resolve in me. Lift me to the level of steadfast love. Amen.

—ORVILLE A. COATS

JULY 31

"Sow for yourselves righteousness, reap the fruit of steadfast love; break up your fallow ground, for it is the time to seek the Lord, that he may come and rain salvation upon you."—Hosea 10:12

THERE are more than a dozen Christmas presents still in our church office—gifts placed under our church tree last December and never claimed.

We are offered many gifts which we fail to receive. Not just small trinkets under a Christmas tree, but true gifts for living.

Few of us accept all the love which our family and friends pour out to us. Much of our loneliness is the result of our own unwillingness to be loved.

Many of us never see the beauty and adventure which are a part of our daily experiences. And because we do not have eyes to see, life is a dull affair.

Our greatest failure comes when we refuse to accept the redeeming love of God, which he offers us. In Hosea's words, he would "come and rain salvation upon you." And the central message of our Gospel is that this is his gift. We do not earn it. We do not even deserve it.

Yet, as with all gifts, we must be willing to receive it. Even God cannot give us something we refuse to have.

Thus Hosea pleads with us to make ourselves receptive. We must make righteousness and love our aim. We must commit all that we are to Him, even the fallow ground or undeveloped portions of our lives. And all this must be done, not in boastful pride, but in a humble and repentant spirit that we might be ready and able to receive the gift of His salvation.

I sought the Lord,
And afterward I knew
He moved my soul
To seek Him, seeking me.
—The Methodist Hymnal, #316

Prayer: Heavenly father, give us the grace to receive not only the good gifts our world offers us, but above all the precious gift of thy divine and saving love. Amen.

—O. WYTCH STUBBS, JR.

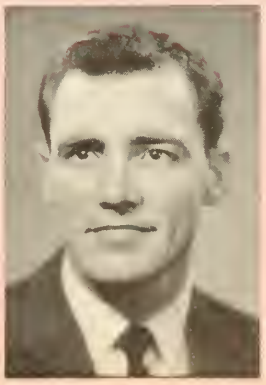
Fred C. Clark
Cheyenne, Wyo.

William R. Mowat
Bridgeport, Conn.

C. Everette Patton
Pine Bluff, Ark.

Orville A. Coats
Nampa, Idaho

O. Wytch Stubbs, Jr.
Macon, Ga.



BARNABAS

Looks at New Books

REMEMBERING John Wesley's interest in medicine, I kept looking for his name to pop up in **John Kobler**'s biography of John Hunter, THE RELUCTANT SURGEON (Doubleday, $4.95). The two lived in England in the same era of the 18th century, but the book mentions the founder of Methodism only once, and then simply as the brother of Samuel Wesley, who was a founder of the Westminster Public Infirmary.

Kobler, nevertheless, has written a top-flight book about a remarkable man. Hunter's genius brought medicine out of the Dark Ages and into the era of scientific surgery. The gruff, unlettered Scotsman and his brother, William, were the first to trace the lymphatic system. An operation he devised for aneurysms is still used. He performed the first human artificial insemination. And, 100 years before Freud, he grasped the psychic factors in disease.

It's a portrait of great power that Kobler draws, and in doing so he presents an equally brilliant picture of the London of Johnson and Boswell. The descriptions of medical treatment and surgery, even by Hunter's skilled hands, are hair-raising. One wonders how anybody ever survived major operations performed without anesthetics or much knowledge of antisepsis. But Kobler assures us people did.

We hope you'll forgive us if we at TOGETHER are looking particularly proud these days. In August, Abingdon Press will publish a book of stories, poems, and prayers from the pages of *Small Fry*.

Small Fry editor **Ruth Adams Murray** has compiled AROUND THE YEAR TOGETHER, and I am going to take great delight in telling you more about it as soon as it's off the press.

One of the most enticing picture books that has come our way is ACROSS THE ALPS: AERIAL VIEWS BETWEEN NICE AND VIENNA (Rand McNally, $17.50). Aerial photographs by Swissair and text by **Hans Annaheim**, **Paul Eggenberg**, **Arnold Lunn**, and **Erich Schwabe** spread the magnificent southern European Alps before you in breath-taking splendor. You can actually see creation at work on the faces of the mountains in the forces of heat, frost, ice, snow, and water.

A fellow staff member packed up his family last summer and joined the 40 million others who enjoy camp-

Winging Across the Alps, *we glimpse the village of Niedergesteln, nestled at the foot of a mountain spur overlooking water meadows in the Rhone Valley.*

ing. This family was green at it, he says, but they found all the information they needed in THE HANDBOOK OF AUTO CAMPING (Harper, $3.50). And they loved every minute of their vacation.

Authors **George** and **Iris Wells** were certainly qualified to write the book. They've camped from one end of this country to the other, as well as in much of Canada. They tell how to plan, what equipment to take, and "everything else a camper needs to know," including how to cook outdoors and rules of camping etiquette [see *We're Camping Out Tonight!* June, page 47].

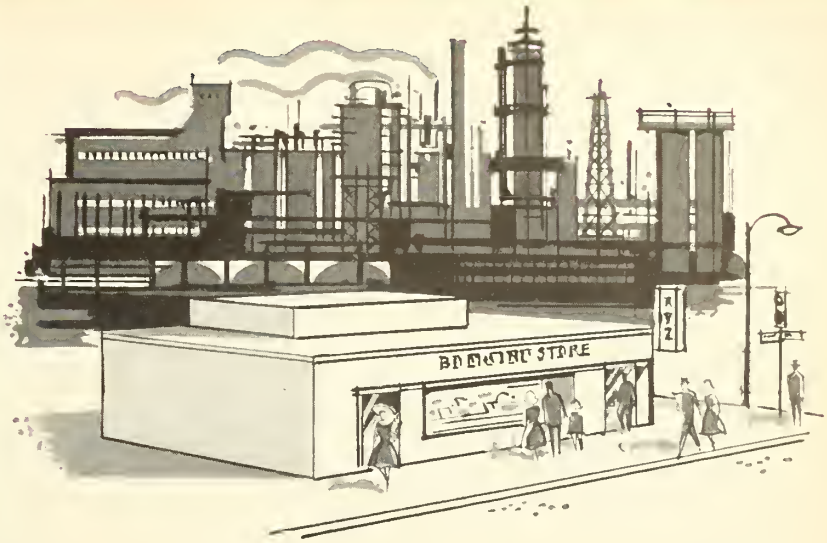
Delightful is the only word which adequately describes one of the most absorbing books to cross this desk in many moons. It's THE SWORD OVER THE MANTEL, appropriately subtitled *The Civil War and I,* by **J. Bryan III** (McGraw-Hill, $3.75). It's distinctive, witty, absorbing, and much more, with a flavor all its own.

Bryan, a former newspaperman who wrote editorials under the late Douglas Southall Freeman, was born into a family steeped in Civil War lore. After all, battles had surged around their homesteads; grandfathers, granduncles, and an imposing array of other relatives had fought in it—and lived to refight the battles over many a friendly dinner table in the years that followed. This is the book of their pranks and foibles, the proud later years of the men in gray who once had fought bravely but in vain for a cause doomed from the start.

It's also the book of CONFORSOLS (Confederate Forces [in the] Solomons), Bryan's own spoofing organization in World War II, the first general order of which—"Effective at once, the following enemy priorities are assigned: Yankees fust, Japs second"—somehow was taken seriously enough by the deskbound brass in Washington to draw official fire.

Recognizing the need to travel light in this jet age, Random House and *Holiday* magazine have joined forces to present HOLIDAY MAGAZINE TRAVEL GUIDES (Random House, each $1) which fit easily into purse or pocket. Each 128-page book contains extensive information on a single country or region. To date, there are guides for Britain, London, France, Paris, Italy, Rome, Spain, Scandinavia, Southern France and the Riviera, and Florence and the Hill Towns.

If you prefer your information all in one book, FODOR'S JET AGE GUIDE TO EUROPE (McKay, $5.95) will help you plan your travel to any of 32 countries. Editor **Eugene Fodor** has packed this somewhat hefty volume with an impressive amount of information on



Everybody's Business

June 30 ends many companies' fiscal year, so now is a proper time for us to take a look at what's going on in American business today. Some recent views:

The Language of Dissent, by ***Lowell B. Mason*** *(World, $5)*—a former member of the Federal Trade Commission speaks pungently on the dangers of government by bureaucracy.

The World of The Wall Street Journal, Main Street and Beyond, edited by ***Charles Preston*** *(Simon and Schuster, $6.50)*—selections from a leading business newspaper spread forth a fascinating panorama of American economy at work.

Business and Religion, edited by ***Edward C. Bursk*** *(Harper, $4)*—corporation executives, economics professors, and theologians discuss "a new depth dimension in management."

Enough Time? The Pattern of Executive Life, by ***Eric Hodgins,*** drawings by ***Alan Dunn*** *(Doubleday, $2.50)*—frank and funny text and cartoons on life as it's led in corporations.

Life in the Crystal Palace, by ***Alan Harrington*** *(Knopf, $4.50)*—equally frank, but not funny, book on working for one of the largest corporations in this country today.

Let's Take Stock, An Inside Look at Wall Street, by ***Don G. Campbell*** *(Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50)*—a financial editor writes lightly and readably about investing in stocks and bonds.

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Reading **C. S. Lewis** is always an exciting experience. The Irish-born Cambridge professor who has contributed so richly to the intellectual life of England is tough-minded, witty, original, and deeply Christian.

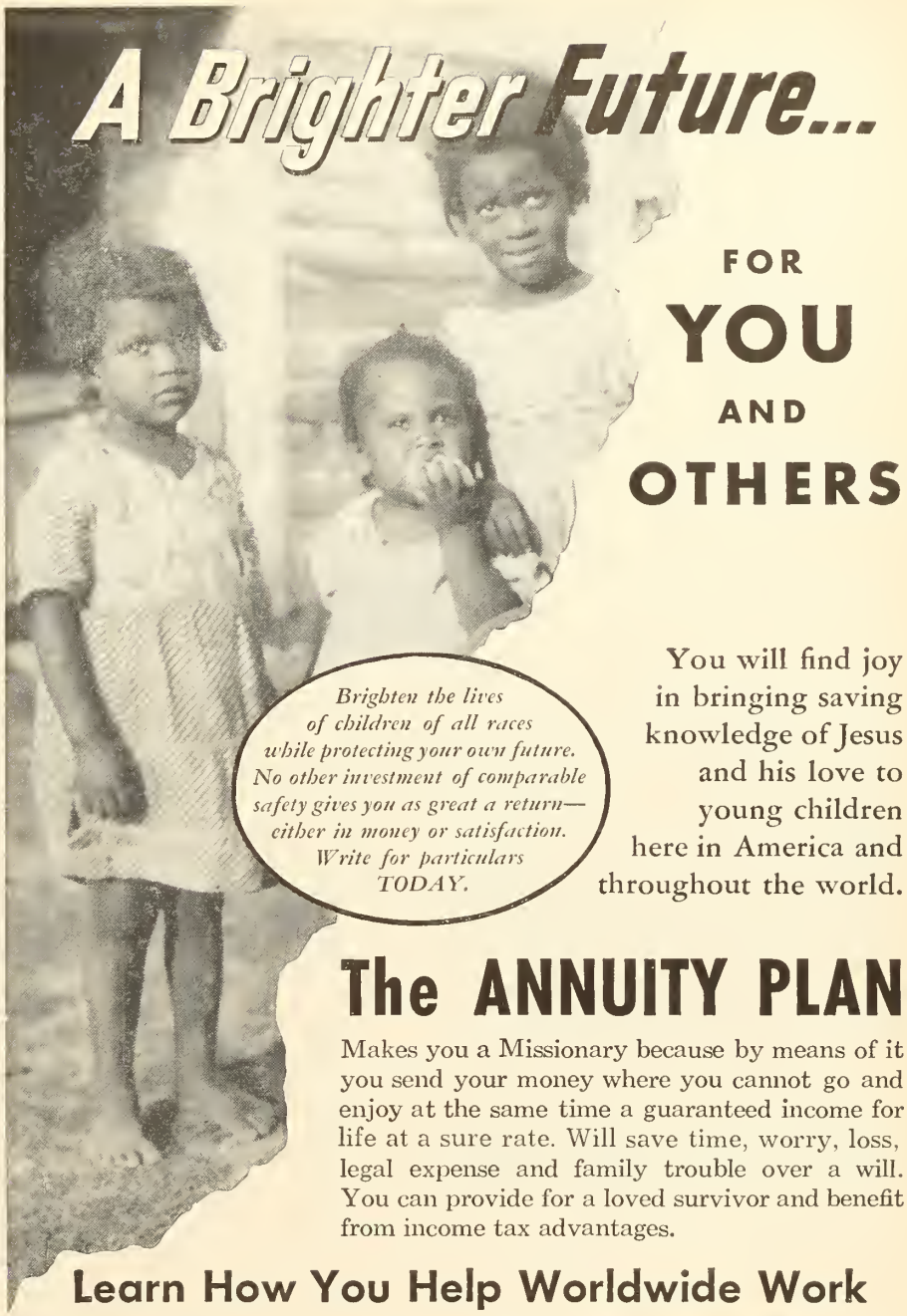
Thus, to those who know him, all I need say about THE WORLD'S LAST NIGHT (Harcourt, Brace, $3) is that this recent collection of Lewis essays contains a new Screwtape dialogue—the first in years and one of Lewis' best.

Screwtape, "a very experienced Devil," speaks to young devils on the state of modern man. In other essays, Lewis examines the relevance of the Christian religion to our comfortable, scientific age. Is it naïve, he asks, to expect prayer to unleash the ultimate power of the universe in man's behalf? Is God lost and Christ irrelevant in a time when new forms of life may soon be discovered on distant planets? Is Christian doctrine old-fashioned and irrational? On all these, and other important questions, Lewis gives his forthright views.

Caradine R. Hooton, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance since 1949, wrote the absorbing WHAT SHALL WE SAY ABOUT ALCOHOL? (Abingdon, $2) for ministers, teachers, or any person called upon to talk on temperance. Since this obviously includes parents, it's a mighty important and helpful guide.

Dr. Hooton: hard facts on hard liquor.

In it, Dr. Hooton is more interested in presenting the reasons why temper-



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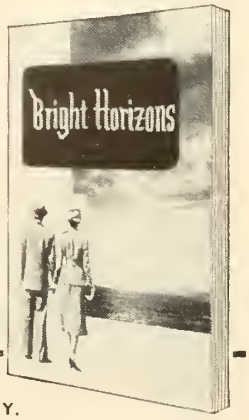

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Our son and daughter both are attending MacMurray College at Jacksonville, Illinois. They are part of the coordinate system, which started in September, 1957, when MacMurray College for Men began alongside 111-year old MacMurray College for Women.

With other students, they attend separate classes for men and women in freshman and sophomore years. Classes are mixed in junior and senior years. But they share the same fine faculty and have a healthy "co-educational" social life, too. MacMurray President Louis W. Norris says:

"Mixed classes in early years introduce an artificial factor into the learning situation, namely, the woman's social status. If she appears too brilliant or too dull, her social status with men may be jeopardized. As a result, her curiosity is inhibited. But by the junior year students are adjusted to college to such a point that this factor is less significant."

Our children like MacMurray.

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Southwestern College Winfield, Kansas	1,190

ance produces a richer, more effective Christian life than he is in advocating that the temperance speaker denounce the evils of strong drink. He offers facts—scriptural, scientific, and sociological—to support the case for abstinence, and he takes a keen, critical look at the liquor industry and its promotional efforts.

This reminds me of a volume that has been one of the outstanding nonfiction best sellers of the last two decades.

Although no author is identified in it, and it attracted virtually no attention the first two years after it was published privately on a shoestring, it became a best seller on the strength of an article in *The Saturday Evening Post*. So far, more than 400,000 copies have been sold and portions have been translated into half a dozen languages.

To most of those who have read it, it is known simply as "The Big Book." Officially it's ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS ($4.50), the basic text of the unique fellowship bearing the same name that is 25 years old this year.

Most copies are distributed through AA groups, of which there are 8,000 throughout the world.

On the jacket of COMMANDANT OF AUSCHWITZ (World, $4.50), is this statement: "I personally arranged on orders received from Himmler in May 1941 the gassing of two million persons between June-July 1941 and the end of 1943, during which time I was Commandant of Auschwitz.—**Rudolf Hoess.**"

How much tragedy, how much suffering, are packed into those words! How could any human being—especially a family man who loved animals and started out in life to serve his church—callously send an endless parade of women and children, as well as men, to the gas chambers?

It's all here in Hoess' memoirs which, if you can stand some rugged reading, certainly will live in your memory. Hoess, who was executed after the war, is unique: he is one Nazi, an early SS man, who does not maintain innocence. He not only knew what was going on, he carried out the mass slaughters. Even with his own execution nearing, his faith in the Nazi ideals never faltered. He has but two alibis to offer: he was only carrying out Heinrich Himmler's orders, and he himself was so busy arranging murder-by-the-millions that he didn't always know the extent of pre-execution brutalities.

Sorry? Not Hoess. Except that he later felt slaughtering the Jews was wrong on one count—it solidified world opinion against Germany and thus "brought the Jews far closer to their ultimate objective." —BARNABAS

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

A GOOD MANY years ago, Elbert Hubbard gave a rather bitter definition of an editor: "A person employed on a newspaper, whose business it is to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to see that the chaff is printed." I must confess to a sympathy with that attitude this month, as I have looked at a number of novels in an attempt to find something worth writing about. However, I finally found three novels which I want to discuss, two with some enthusiasm. (I am just trying to make you realize how hard a fellow has to work to find fiction worth writing about, to say nothing of being worth your reading about.)

UP INTO THE SINGING MOUNTAIN, by Richard Llewellyn *(Doubleday, $4.95).*

If there is anyone who missed the pleasure of reading *How Green Was My Valley*, go as fast as you can to the nearest library or bookstore and get a copy. It was written some years ago, but is still one of the high points in my reading memories. With this in mind, I turned with tremendous anticipation to this sequel. Well, too much expectation is a mistake; you demand more than a man can deliver. This one tells about a Welsh colony in South America. It is full of interest and has the same beautiful style and vocabulary of the first book. It seemed to measure up to the highest standards for the first half, then ran downhill. The conclusion did not seem quite up to the promise of the introduction.

However, I like these Welsh people and their way of speaking, and I like Richard Llewellyn's style and skill.

OURSELVES TO KNOW, by John O'Hara *(Rondom House, $4.95).*

This reached the best-seller list quickly and I thought it ought to be read. I approached it with a prejudice, however, because I have never read anything of O'Hara's that I especially appreciated. I have felt that most of his books deal with trivial people and trivial situations and that he fills up page after page with stupid conversation. But this book, I confess, I like better than any of his others. It was almost a great book and for a while I thought O'Hara was going to produce something outstanding. He must come around, however, to his usual semi-pornographic portrayals which, to me, are merely cheap ways to get a certain class of readers.

This is the story about a man who murdered his wife. She was not yet 20 and he was in his early 50s. She was no good and a jury agreed that she deserved to die. The story is told through the eyes of a young man who becomes interested in this older man and learns his history. O'Hara talks about Catholicism and Protestantism from time to time, but I do not think he understands either one very well. If he had some real religious insight and some real religious experience, he might be able to show people who are more than puppets.

I closed the book with a sad heart and a prayer that God would somehow find a way to give a man with some talent a new dimension and a deeper understanding.

HUNT THE MOUNTAIN LION, by Gus Tovo *(Knopf, $3).*

This I liked. It tells about a boy and his father who hunted mountain lions, and about this boy and a colt. I expect that this should be classified as a book for young people, but I enjoyed it thoroughly. I would like to believe that this is because I am still young at heart but it is probably because I am sick of the commercialism and so-called sophistication of the day. I do not mean to suggest that life in this book was necessarily easy, but it dealt with issues which could be understood. It was life lived in the pure air of the mountains instead of the smog-filled atmosphere of our cities. It has the sense of clean adventure and simple virtues. It is a mighty fine change of pace and may help to keep us all sane. If you like to sing old revival hymns and look at Westerns on TV, you will join me in enjoying *Hunt the Mountain Lion.*

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Something to Do on a Summer Day . . .

Have an Art Show!

By RUTH ADAMS MURRAY

YOU and your friends can have lots of fun planning an art show for a special summer day. First, talk the idea over with your parents and decide where to have it. Maybe some father will let you use the family garage. Then tell every boy and girl in your neighborhood about your plans and ask them to paint or draw one picture for the show. Ask them to give each picture a title, and be sure to tell them to print their own name on their art work, too.

Choose a day for the show when most of the fathers and mothers in the neighborhood will be able to come. Perhaps Saturday afternoon would be a a good time, or maybe the Fourth of July. Then make invitations and deliver one to each family at least a week before the show. The invitations might say something like this:

> Come to the big art show!
> July 4th, 3-4 p.m.
> in the
> Wilsons' Garage
> 10 E. Elm Street

A few days before the show, gather all the boys' and girls'

Summertime Poems *for Boys and Girls*

SUMMER'S the time for picnics and hide-and-go-seek. Summer's the time to go places and make things. And, once in a while, summer's the time just to be alone—to dream and to wish, to think and to wonder. Here are some summertime poems for girls and boys just like you . . .

Wouldn't You?

I'd like to fly on butterfly wings
And sing the song the bluebird sings;
I'd like to swim in the dew of a rose
And I'd like to know where the cool wind goes;
I'd like to shine like a silver star
And gather moonbeams in a crystal jar;
I'd like to drink from a bright buttercup
And I'd like to know just how high is up;
I'd like to play the grasshopper's fiddle
And wear a rainbow around my middle!

WANDA GILMORE LEIGH

drawings together and decide how you are going to exhibit them. Ask Mom and Dad for their ideas. Perhaps you can tape the pictures to the walls of the garage. Or maybe Dad will string a clothesline around the inside walls. Then you can just hang up the pictures with snap clothespins.

You can probably think of other ways to make your art show extra-special. How about making big posters and having a parade a day ahead of time? Maybe you will want to plan a refreshment stand, too. Just get your friends together and share your ideas.

What if you live where you don't have any neighbors? Well, you might plan a show all by yourself, just for your family.

After your art show is over, why not write to TOGETHER and tell us about it? We'd like to share your fun!

This Brand-New Day

How busy I am this brand-new day!
  Busy at work and busy at play,
But never so busy I cannot hear
  God's loving voice at my listening ear,
Guiding my thoughts and the words I say,
  Helping me act in the proper way.

MARGARET REDFIELD

They're hot rodders, but far from reckless

Here Come the JEHUS

Sweet Chariot: *It's a 1938 Bentley, owned by Dr. Paul Woudenberg (above). Long a car fan, he launched the Jehus for church youths.*

OUT IN LOS ANGELES, America's hot-rod hotbed, most of those sleek, low-slung cars with the throaty voices carry aluminum club plaques with names derived from rodders' colorful jargon—the "Cam Twisters," "Piston Smashers," or "Draggin' Demons," to name a random sampling.

One group, however, has gone far afield. Formed barely a year ago in the inner city's Echo Park area, it calls itself the Jehus, after the Old Testament king of Israel, of whom it was said in 2 Kings 9:20: "And the driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he drives furiously." Its distinctive plaque shows a souped-up engine pulling an ancient chariot. The sponsor: Echo Park Methodist Church.

Behind the Jehus is Echo Park's youthful minister, Dr. Paul R. Woudenberg, who has spent almost as much time under the hood as behind the pulpit. The son of a car dealer, he studied engineering at California Institute of Technology before being called to the ministry. And his long-lived interest in automobiles is far from academic. Currently, he owns five: a 1960 compact, a 1959 English sports sedan, a restored roadster and a cabriolet —both dating back 30 years—and a 1938 Bentley. He got the Bentley, his favorite, in England last year while returning from a visit in Africa with Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the subject of his Ph.D. thesis.

With this background, it's easy to see why the bachelor pastor came up with the car-club idea as a way of reach-

Rod Roundup: *About half the Jehus (right) are members of Dr. Woudenberg's Echo Park Church in Los Angeles. Besides holding weekly meetings and working on their own cars, they hope soon to build a club "dragster."*

ing teen-age boys who weren't displaying interest in the usual run of MYF activities. The club got off the ground in a hurry when one church member donated a three-car garage—complete with overhead lift—where the boys could hold weekly meetings and work on their cars. Auto mechanics in the 380-member congregation volunteered to share their knowledge and tools. The fast-growing club soon affiliated with the National Hot Rod Association, which sponsors supervised drag-strip competition and stresses safe, courteous highway driving.

Unlike their biblical precursor, the nearly two dozen Jehus drive carefully, not furiously. And they take special pride in helping motorists stranded by a flat tire or mechanical breakdown. Most have torn apart and at least partially rebuilt their own cars, so they rarely run into trouble they can't diagnose on the spot.

The Jehus have learned a lot together since their first club project, when they rebuilt a transmission only to find it gave the worked-over car just one speed forward—but three in reverse. And the club has benefited the church, too. Says Dr. Woudenberg:

"I'll bet we have a couple of future ministers right here in this group!"

Trouble Shooters: *Bill Merritt (left, above) and Bob Compton, both 18, run a compression check on Bob's twin-jug mill (dual-carburetor engine).*

Good Samaritans: *It's a club tradition that Jehus offer a helping hand to fellow motorists having trouble. Below, three members make quick work of a flat tire.*

Calling All Photographers

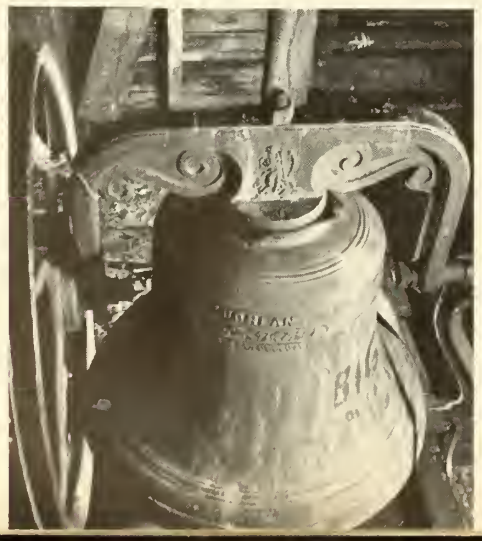
Remember Together's 1961 *Invitational*

Methodist Americana: This old pipe organ is in St. James Methodist Church, Central City, Colo. (*See page 11.*)

ARE you looking for a chance to test your creative imagination, your camera skills? Here's an "assignment" certain to sharpen your wits and exercise those rusty detective instincts. We're searching for scenes and situations that will link Methodist history with the present—through vital, sparkling color slides. For TOGETHER's fifth reader-participation pictorial, to be published in 1961, camera-clicking readers are invited to submit color transparencies that illuminate the theme, *Methodist Americana.* TOGETHER will pay $25 for each 35-mm. slide accepted, $35 for larger slides. Your best guide to subjects is the *Methodist Americana Map* which appeared in the November, 1959, issue of TOGETHER (available separately, for 50¢, at your nearest Cokesbury Bookstore). Keep it handy on weekend or vacation trips; it will direct you to the hundreds of sites linked with Methodist history. Photo entries may include up to 10 color transparencies, and may be submitted any time up to and including February 10, 1961.

Send to: Methodist Americana
TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Methodist Americana *photo material may pop up anywhere—as at McKendree College in Lebanon, Ill., where this old bell is kept.*



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6. Slides not accepted will be returned shortly after the closing date. Care will be used in handling and returning transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged in transit.

NEWS of the world parish

Four Dynamic Years Charted at Denver Conference

Methodism faced up to its future at its General Conference in Denver, April 27 to May 7—weighing 2,729 proposals for legislation. The issue that got and held the spotlight was whether or not the church should immediately abolish the Central Jurisdiction. [See *This Time It Was Denver,* page 6.]

It is a racial (Negro) subdivision corresponding to five geographical jurisdictions, and stems from the administrative setup dating from 1939, when three great branches of Methodism became The Methodist Church. Four years ago at the Minneapolis General Conference a 70-man Commission was created to study the problem. At Denver it recommended that the principle of voluntaryism be continued and that no basic change be made in the Jurisdictional system. The General Conference approved this by a vote of 723 to 57.

Ready for the Cobbler

Methodists have great traditions. Here in the West the story is that when pioneer preachers of other denominations got off the first stagecoaches they found the Methodist parsons already on the scene—with holes in their shoes.

DENVER POST

It also proposed that greater efforts be made at all levels in the church to implement Amendment Nine to the church's constitution which was adopted four years ago. This provided the machinery whereby churches in the Central Jurisdiction could transfer to other Jurisdictions and vice versa. To date, six churches have made the transfer and over 30 are involved in various stages of discussion and transfer.

The report was accepted virtually as submitted with only one or two minor changes. Efforts to set a target date of 1968 for abolition of the Jurisdiction failed.

To implement greater use of Amendment Nine the General Conference created a 36-member Commission on Inter-Jurisdictional Relations, consisting of one bishop, two ministers, and three laymen from each Jurisdiction. The Commission will direct a continuous program aimed at abolishing the Central Jurisdiction as soon as practicable, promoting interracial brotherhood through Christian love, and achieving a more inclusive church.

The program calls for:

Development of local interracial Methodist Ministerial Associations.

Frequent pulpit exchanges wherever possible.

Joint worship services sponsored by local church groups wherever possible.

Encouragement of "interracial fellowship and understanding" by general boards and agencies through their promotional and program materials.

Consultations and joint statements on local racial issues by bishops of overlapping Episcopal Areas.

Efforts to bring all Methodist-related institutions "into full harmony with the policy and pronouncements of the church on race."

Before adjourning May 7 the delegates approved a State of the Church Committee report commending college students for "the dignified nonviolent manner in which they have conducted themselves" in the "sit-in-demonstrations" in the South. It declared students should be free to exercise their personal Christian responsibilities and said Methodist institutions should not penalize students who do so.

Opponents argued that the resolution countenanced civil disobedience in violation of Paragraph 87 of the *Discipline,* which holds it is the duty of all Christians to observe and obey the laws of the governing or supreme authority of the country. The Judicial Council of The Methodist Church has been asked to rule on the constitutionality of the resolution.

Other actions:

Constitutional Amendment—Delegates approved submission of Amendment 12 to the church's constitution to all Annual Conferences for ratification. It would, among other proposed changes, set the size of the General Conference at from 900 to 1,400 delegates; require the Jurisdictional Conferences to be held at the time and place of the General Conference or not

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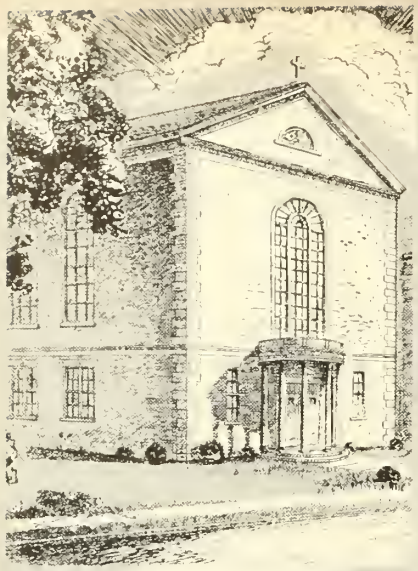

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more than 60 days prior to the date of the General Conference; provide that bishops shall be elected at the Jurisdictional Conferences but consecrated at the General Conference, and set up procedure whereby bishops can be transferred from one Jurisdiction to another.

Tenure of Bishops—Amended the *Discipline* to require that no bishop shall be recommended for assignment to the same residence for more than 12 consecutive years after 1960.

Number of Bishops—Changed the *Discipline* to permit five bishops in each Jurisdiction instead of four as now permitted. This could increase the number of U.S. Episcopal Areas from 37 to 44.

1960-64 Budget—Concurred in recommendations for an estimated $114-million budget for general administration and benevolences for 1960-64, including a $15-million-per-year apportionment on the Annual Conferences during the quadrennium for World Service.

Together—Adopted a goal of 2 million subscribers by 1964, as recommended in the Episcopal Message.

Book of Worship—Suggested trial use of a proposed revision to the *Book of Worship* which revives the liturgy used by John Wesley. Final approval will be sought in 1964. Directed the Commission on Worship to revise *The Methodist Hymnal* and report back in four years.

Board Merger—Merged the Boards of Temperance, Social and Economic Relations, and World Peace into a single unit—the Board of Christian Social Concerns, to be headquartered in Washington with a branch office at the UN in New York. The new board will be directed by a general secretary and three associate general secretaries.

Temperance—Called for continuation of the church's program against alcoholic beverages, narcotics, and pornography. Action included an appeal for total abstinence by Methodists from both tobacco and alcohol, and a request that Methodist churches abstain from raffles, lotteries, and games of chance.

Marriage Ceremony—Replaced the word "troth" in the marriage ceremony in the *Discipline* with the word "faith."

Church Schools—Directed that church schools provide education in the Holy Scriptures, and that their programs include evangelism, stewardship, missions, and social action.

Atomic Tests—Urged permanent cessation of all nuclear tests by all nuclear powers.

Space Exploration—Called for an international agency within the UN to control space exploration.

Peaceful Use of the Atom—Supported peaceful expansion of nuclear

power and an effective inspection system.

Foreign Aid—Urged the U.S. to devote savings from complete disarmament to development of the undeveloped nations.

Military Service—Reaffirmed the church's stand against compulsory military service and asked that conscientious objectors be recognized even though their refusal to serve in the military is based on nonreligious grounds.

Atomic Fall Out—Requested that Congress place responsibility for research on the effects of radioactive fall out on the human race with the Public Health Service.

Population Explosion—Called on churches to continue to alert their members to the seriousness of the population problem. Reaffirmed a 1956 stand that planned parenthood, practiced in Christian conscience, fulfills rather than violates the will of God.

Racial and Religious Discrimination—Declared churches should develop constructive, positive programs to counteract hate and to develop community attitudes which prevent discrimination against any religious groups.

Capital Punishment—Reaffirmed the stand taken in the *Methodist Social Creed,* opposing capital punishment.

Freedom of Pulpit—Called attention of the laity to the responsibility of bishops, district superintendents, and church leaders to support ministers in their responsible exercise of a free pulpit and their adherence to the official positions taken by the church.

Marriage and Divorce—Repealed a requirement that a divorced person must be adjudged innocent before he can be considered fit for remarriage. Substituted a broader provision, basing eligibility on a person's improved attitudes and intentions. Favored increasing the development of Family Life Courts, and uniform marriage and divorce laws. Requested their study by the General Commission on Family Life.

Trade—Reaffirmed support of Reciprocal Trade Agreements.

Attacks on the Church—Asked that any organization having charges or accusations against any Methodist make them through "our church courts" so that a jury of peers of the accused may judge the truth of the accusation.

POAU Endorsement—Approved a Co-ordinating Council report commending the work of Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State and recommending that the Annual Conferences call on their people to "give moral and financial support to POAU and/or its local affiliates."

Church Construction—Approved a new plan of the Division of National Missions to make additional loan funds available to local churches for building purposes.

Church Union Stands Test

Summarizing the work of the 1960 General Conference, Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles, president of the Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church, told the delegates before adjournment, "We have stayed together and our union has stood the strain of a real test." He added:

"We have come through what could have been a bitter situation without bitterness. We are united and stronger than ever before. We are only on our way. There is much to be done. We can never stop until every man has absolute freedom and equality, regardless of race and color.

"The General Conference became more aware than ever before that we are a world church. We have recognized that American decisions must consider Asia and Africa."

Board and Agency Reports

High lights of other general board and agency reports received by the General Conference follow:

Board of Missions: The **Division of World Missions** said the overseas program is making steady, though sometimes slow, progress.

It noted an increase since 1956 in members, number of missionaries, and funds. Referring to work in the 1956-60 Lands of Decision (Korea, Sarawak, Bolivia, and Belgian Congo), the report told of program "results exceeding the hopes and expectations of its originators."

The Board's **Woman's Division of Christian Service** reported its work had expanded since 1956 both at home and abroad through greater financial support, greater effectiveness of social action, and greater service. The guide for all its efforts, it said, has been "the spirit of Christ for all of life."

The **Television, Radio, and Film Commission** plans to film a new children's TV series and prepare a new radio series. Since 1956 TRAFCO has produced 26 *Talk Back* programs for TV, 15 sound motion pictures, 19 sound filmstrips, five 30-minute radio devotional programs for the armed forces, and 600 TV spot announcements.

The **Board of Evangelism** reported the church is losing some members

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through negligence and inactivity, yet still is growing and in 1959 had a membership of 9,815,459.

Net increase from 1956 was 502,181 members, against 247,551 in the 1952-55 period. However, many members were lost because they became inactive or the church did not keep in touch with them.

"The number received on profession of faith and the number of 'new Methodists' have been increasing more or less normally," the Board explained, "but we have not been keeping enough of our members."

It expressed hope its newly launched *Decade of Dynamic Discipleship* program would cut the loss. During 1960-70, Methodist churches will emphasize prayer, Bible reading, evangelistic witnessing, recruitment of preachers and full-time Christian workers, and preaching revivals.

Church growth, at 1.3 per cent, lags behind the country's at 1.7 per cent, the Board said.

The **Board of Lay Activities** said its program of Christian stewardship and men's work is growing. It reported there are more than 13,000 chartered Methodist Men groups, that *The Methodist Men's Hour* radio program is being more widely accepted, and that the every-member canvass program is proving a success.

The **Board of World Peace** outlined a seven-point program of emphasis for 1960-61.

The points: strengthen international organization; work for international disarmament; support economic aid; strengthen the local-church commission and the organization of the church for social concerns and world peace; improve leadership training, international education, and conciliation; provide resource material, and strive for interdenominational co-operation.

Two Take New Posts

The Rev. James M. Wall, an associate editor of TOGETHER, has been named managing editor of *The Christian Advocate*, replacing Newman S. Cryer, Jr., who has been elected to the staff of The Methodist Church's Board of Lay Activities.

Mr. Wall, a native of Monroe, Ga., and member of the North Georgia Conference, served pastorates in Georgia and Illinois before joining TOGETHER's editorial staff in 1959. His present home is in Elmhurst, Ill.

Mr. Wall

Mr. Cryer

In his new post, Mr. Cryer will edit *The Methodist Layman* and all published materials of the Board. Prior to becoming managing editor of *The Christian Advocate* in 1956, he edited *The Pastor*. He is a native of Anniston, Ala., and now lives in Arlington Heights, Ill., where he is an active layman-teacher in First Church.

Both men hold degrees in journalism and theology. Each is married with two children. They took over their new positions June 1.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

JULY

6-10—North Central Jurisdictional Conference, Grand Rapids, Mich.
12-15—Western Jurisdictional Conference, First Church, San Jose, Calif.
13-17—South Central Jurisdictian Family Life Conference, Mt. Sequoyah, Ark.
13-17—Southeastern Jurisdictional Conference, Lake Junaluska, N.C.
13-17—Central Jurisdictional Conference, Cary Church, Cleveland, Ohio.
26-27—Annual Meeting, Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, Colarado Springs, Cala.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General Program—*The Christian's Use of Leisure*, by Florence Hooper; Circle Program—*From a Missionary's Diary*, by Elizabeth Jahannaber.

'Methodist of the Year'

Bishop Arthur J. Moore, Atlanta, Ga., who retires this month as head of the Atlanta Area, has been named "Methodist of the Year" by *World Outlook*, publication of the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church.

The citation noted his "outstanding service to the missionary enterprise" of his church. He has been president of the Board of Missions since 1940.

Press Told, 'Face Issues'

Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy, president of the Council of Bishops, told members of the Methodist Press at a dinner in Denver that there is nothing worse than an innocuous church paper, utterly unrealistic and filled with sentimental tripe.

"Church papers," the Los Angeles bishop declared, "must be more than promotional sheets. . . . Our papers ought to light the dark places in the life of our church—and there are many dark places."

Elect New Council Members

Two ministers and two laymen were elected to the Judicial Council of The

Mr. Berry

Mr. Throckmorton

Mr. Clegg

Mr. Ervin

Methodist Church by the General Conference. They will serve eight years.

Two of the four, the Rev. J. Russell Throckmorton, Hays, Kans., and Paul R. Ervin, Charlotte, N.C., succeeded themselves. The Rev. William L. Clegg, Raleigh, N.C., and Theodore Berry, Cincinnati, Ohio, are new members.

Calls 1956-60 MPH's Most Successful Quadrennium

The Methodist Publishing House has just completed the most successful quadrennium in its 170-year history, President and Publisher Lovick Pierce reported to the General Conference.

"In terms of service to the church," he said, "the quadrennium just closed was the outstanding one in Methodist Publishing House history. It towers above all others in successful endeavor."

MPH publishes books, pamphlets, magazines, church-school literature, and other items. Detailing advancements over 1956, he said sales have increased 20 per cent, investments 23 per cent.

Discussing church publications, Mr. Pierce reported that TOGETHER passed the 1-million circulation mark last November, 37 months after introduction and declared: "There is the realization that TOGETHER can be one of the most significant attainments in the history of the Publishing House."

A report submitted by the Committee on Publishing Interests and adopted by the General Conference said that TOGETHER is going into one out of every three Methodist homes in America and declared, "We have but started to tap the potential of TOGETHER's special ministry to the local church." It continued:

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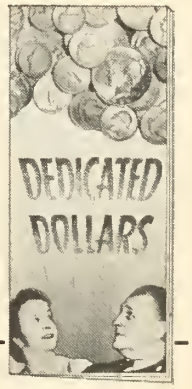

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provoking articles bringing different viewpoints from our growing church; the appeal to the youth of our families; the supplements putting local news and area programs into focus—all these make TOGETHER an outstanding voice of Methodism which comes into our homes and has been enthusiastically received by hospitals and libraries as well. . . . TOGETHER bears witness to that Wesleyan fundamental: 'Wherever there are people, there goes Methodism to serve and to carry the Gospel of Christ.'"

Bishop Martin Becomes Council's President-Elect

Bishop Paul E. Martin of Little Rock, Ark., was named president-elect of the Council of Bishops at its meeting in Denver prior to the General Conference.

The bishop, who heads the Arkansas-Louisiana Area, will succeed Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles when his term expires in 1961. Bishop Kennedy took office in April, his first official act being to preside at the General Conference in Denver's Auditorium.

Bishop Roy H. Short of Nashville was re-elected Council secretary, while Bishops Matthew W. Clair, Jr., of St. Louis, Lloyd C. Wicke of Pittsburgh, and Shot K. Mondol of Delhi, India, were named to the executive committee.

Elected presidents of their Jurisdictional Colleges of Bishops were Bishops Clair (Central); Fred P. Corson (Northeastern); Richard C. Raines (North Central); Eugene M. Frank (South Central); Bachman G. Hodge (Southeastern); A. Raymond Grant (Western), and Bishop Mondol (Overseas).

EUB Union Plan in 1962?

Bishop Frederick B. Newell, chairman of the Commission on Church Union of The Methodist Church, told the General Conference that a plan for organic union with the Evangelical United Brethren may be completed within two years.

He also reported merger conversations with the Protestant Episcopal Church, but explained that no further development was expected until after Anglican bishops meet in 1968.

When ready, the Brethren-Methodist union plan would be submitted to the EUB General Conference in 1962 and the Methodist General Conference in 1964. Annual Conferences of each denomination probably would have to ratify before a merger became effective.

EUB has a membership of 750,000, the Episcopalians a little more than 3 million, and the Methodists 10 million.

Kagawa: 'a Christian Saint'

Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, famed Japanese Christian leader, has died of a heart attack in his Tokyo home and now is being praised by U.S. Protestant leaders. One recent tribute described him as "a modern Christian saint whose life and work have influenced the whole Christian world."

Dr. Kagawa visiting young friends at his Tokyo church—a typical act during his long Christian ministry and 40-year fight for social justice.

CLASSIFIED ADS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for miscellaneous items of general interest to TOGETHER readers such as: Sale of personal property; Requests for items wanted; Service offers of interest to individuals of local churches; Help wanted; Positions wanted; Hobby materials or exchanges; Houses or camps for rent; Tours. No Agents wanted or Opportunity for profit advertising. Rate: Minimum charge—$10.50 (14 words). 75c each additional word. CLOSING SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE OF PUBLICATION (15th). For use of "Box No. . . . TOGETHER": add $1.00. Address TOGETHER—Classified Dept., 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11.

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Dr. Kagawa, converted at 15 by a Presbyterian missionary, devoted the rest of his 71 years to preaching and helping Japan's neediest social classes. He established hundreds of rural churches, wrote nearly 100 books on social and Christian principles, and carried the gospel message throughout the world [see *Better Farms for Japan,* May, page 76].

His last words, whispered to friends at his bedside, were a prayer for world peace and the progress of Christianity in Japan.

3 Lutheran Bodies Unite

The American Lutheran Church on Pentecost Sunday began a Year of Jubilee to celebrate its formation through the merging of three Lutheran bodies—the Evangelical, American, and United Evangelical Lutheran churches.

The yearlong observance—its theme is *On the Way Rejoicing*—will be devoted to prayer, Bible study, and evangelism.

Dr. Fredrik A. Schiotz, ELC president, was elected to guide the new 2,258,000-member organization. His six-year term starts January 1, 1961, when the new church begins functioning officially.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Double Take: *You shutterbugs who have studied the dramatic time exposure at the bottom of page 24, showing our* Brakeman on the Katy Line *etching circles of light in the night air, may be surprised when we tell you that the fill lighting on both sides was supplied by one fleet-footed photographer. How? Well, using Verichrome Pan in his tripod-mounted Rollei, he set the aperture at f/11, opened the shutter, and then—with a single flash gun—"painted in" side lighting by firing bulbs first on the left, then on the right. At the same time, the subject transcribed slow circles with his flashlight. Nothing to it, says our photographer, if you remember that: (1) existing light in the area photographed must be dim; (2) total darkness is the best background, and (3) the photographer should wear dark clothing if he moves into camera view while the shutter is open—unless he wants to increase the risk of getting his own ghost in the finished picture!*

•

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Salient Sentences From the Episcopal Address

A feature of the General Conference in Denver was the report of the Council of Bishops on the state of the church. Following are excerpts from the Episcopal Message, delivered by Bishop William C. Martin:

Our Record: In the last four years our churches in the United States received 1,482,106 persons into membership on profession of faith. . . . In the same period 804,600 persons were dropped. . . . We strongly recommend that no name be dropped from a roll, except by death or transfer, until every effort has been made to locate the person. . . .

A Confused World: *What is happening almost everywhere is a diminishing recognition of the Church as a major customary institution in Western civilization. . . . On almost every field the Christian missionary is faced with an aggressive resurgence of the non-Christian religions. . . . Lands that have for centuries lived under the cross have come under the shadow of the hammer and sickle. . . . In the United States there are disturbing signs that the current "revival of religion" may have passed its crest. . . .*

Communication: Commendation is due the Television, Radio, and Film Commission for its alertness and resourcefulness. . . . Eight years ago the Council of Bishops called upon the Publishing House for a "bold venture." The result has been the magazine TOGETHER. . . . It has won the enthusiastic support of our laity and it is one of our most effective public-relations instruments. It serves our church as a means of information and inspiration. We are most anxious that its present high standard of excellence shall continue, and to this end we urge every Methodist congregation to adopt the All Family Plan. Our goal ought to be another million subscribers by the end of this quadrennium.

Worship: *We have a continuing obligation to provide our people with inspiration and guidance in their worship, with forms that are meaningful and rooted in the vital experience of the Christian Church.*

Ecumenical Movement: When we serve the interests of the larger Christian community we are not deserting our own denomination but are rightly recognizing its responsibilities in a wider context.

Attacks on the Church: *We register vigorous protest against viciously false statements that have been made, and are being made, concerning prominent Protestant churchmen—men of unimpeachable character, patriotism, and loyalty to Christ.*

Methodism's Mission to America: To keep pace with its share of an expanding population, The Methodist Church needs to exercise restraint in closing churches and to organize a new congregation every 22 hours. . . .

The Church and the Industrial Order: *But through all the changes in our economic life, the same unvarying demand of God persists: that any economic order be made to serve the economic needs and rights of men, and that men not be made subservient to the impersonal forces of an economic system. Persons must count for more than economic gain.*

The Jurisdictional System: No solution will be acceptable that disregards the rights of any major segment of the church or which secures those rights at the expense of the church as a whole.

Racial Brotherhood and Strife: *No part of this problem will solve itself automatically. . . . We cannot settle this matter forthwith by fiat.*

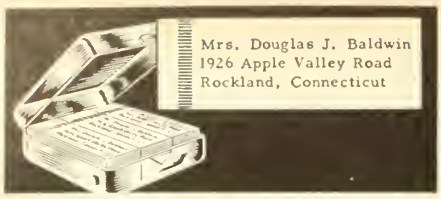
Education: The cost of this comes high but the stakes are higher, for no amount of piety will defend society against the demoralizing influence of false philosophies and values rampant in the world unless it is joined and nurtured by sound education, essentially religious in character.

Public Schools: *We hold firmly to the long-held conviction that separation of Church and State does not require the exclusion of religion as an essential ingredient in learning and life.*

Care for the Sick and Aged: The Methodist proportional responsibility will require the equivalent of seven new 100-bed hospitals for each of the next 20 years. . . . We must also remind ourselves of the growing urgency and weight of the problem of care for the aging.

Family Life and Parenthood: *What the church does about the family in the next 20 years will determine not only the family's destiny but the destiny of us all. . . . We must also insist that there is a commensurate parental responsibility in bringing children into the world.*

Temperance: The time has come when the clamor of the minority insisting upon their assumed right to buy and consume beverage alcohol . . . must be vigorously resisted by a majority who demand *their* right to a degree of safety on the highways, to freedom from the hidden tax burden caused by liquor, and to protection from liquor-induced crime.



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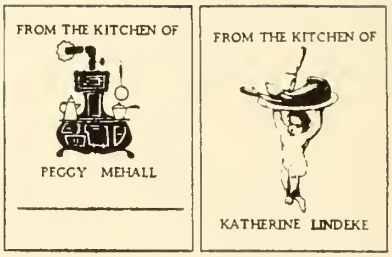
All items are offered on a money-back guaranty. Prices are postpaid. Kindly enclose payment in check or money order. Do not send cash. Also mention that you saw the item in *SHOPPING TOGETHER.*

Shopping Together

Birthday Tradition—Lighting the child into his next year makes a festive (or prayerful) ceremony. Personal candle, marked for 21 years, 17" high. Gold-colored holder included. State name, birth date, birth weight. $3.45 plus 25¢ post.
Lion's Novelties, 139T Payson Ave., New York 34, N.Y.



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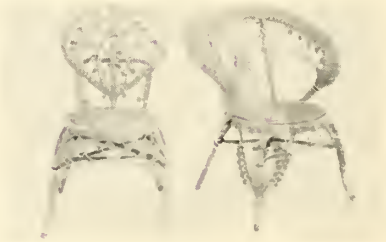

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The Akron, 2140 Hyperion Ave., Los Angeles 27, Calif.

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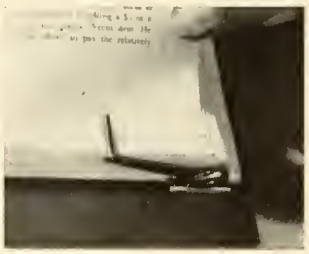
Spencer Gifts, Dept. TG, Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N.J.



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Unique Items, Dept. T4, P.O. Box 45-162, Miami, Fla.

Capra Gem—Sparkling splendor. Diamondlike elegance. A beauty in its own right. Use in a traditional setting or in your own design for a dinner ring, guard ring, fraternal ring, tiepin. A one-carat size of this synthetic gem costs only $27. Free booklet.
Capra Gem Co., Dept. TR, PO Box 5145, Philadelphia 41, Pa.

Together

Front-cover dunebuggin' family: Maggie and Howard Easter with sons Jeff, 8, Eric, 4, and Scott, 6.

Hobby Alley

Let's Go DUNEBUGGIN' With the Easters

By RICHARD C. UNDERWOOD

THAT SQUAT, pug-nosed vehicle dominating this month's cover (reproduced above) is really one of the friendliest, fun-filled freaks around. Just ask the smiling passengers, the Howard Easter family of Brawley, Calif. Make no mistake, however; this is not what's usually called a hot rod. Fondly dubbed "The Bug," short for "Dunebuggy," it was custom-built for pleasure jaunts in the nearby desert. And that's dunebuggin'—this Methodist family's favorite sport!

Prowling desolate desert dunes in a stripped-down, souped-up jalopy is a refreshingly different hobby—especially for Howard Easter, a flower-shop manager. He got "The Bug" (and the fever) from his brother-in-law, Noel Dowden, who's built many desert cars. Easter's chartreuse model, on a shortened 1936 Ford frame, car-

Making tracks: The Easters (left, below) join a formation of buggies charging a steep dune. This desert's not so lonely!

ries a pepped-up V-8 engine and rides on underinflated, oversized tires. On top are seats, trunk space, and little else. More sophisticated buggies, costing up to $1,700 "new," may have fenders, bigger engines, an independent brake valve, and other extras.

Howard had an easy time selling dunebuggin' to his wife and their three boys. Now, at every chance, they tow "The Bug" to the sand hills 25 miles east of Brawley. At this wind-sculpted dunebuggers' paradise, they spur their chariot up rolling hills, sweep along shifting ridges, and then roar down rippled slopes into hidden valleys. Exhilarating? You bet. Yet there is little danger: cruising speeds average 25 mph, safety belts hold passengers in seats, and soft sand cushions accidental spills.

Variations of dunebuggin' have caught on all over the U.S. near sandy beach or desert regions. But in Southern California it's a year-round sport. In winter months, the Easters can cruise comfortably all day; in summer heat, they confine the sport to nearer sunrise and sunset. They especially like to hit the desert in late afternoon, cruise awhile, then cook supper as the golden twilight fades into a cool, cave-like darkness. That's when they roll out sleeping bags and bed down under the stars—for their daytime playground is an ideal place to escape hot summer nights!

Leapin' Lizards! Buggies are made for action like this (at right). Soft tires cushion the landing.

Tuning up: Spot adjustments (below) keep Howard's motor purring. It sports a ¾-race camshaft.

Together / NEW YORK Area *NEWS* Edition

JULY, 1960

Conference Continues Central Jurisdiction

Publicity Photographers

Symbolizing the future of Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn is two-year-old Susan Kessler, cover girl on the hospital's annual report heralding completion of a modernization program which cost $6 million.

Two Win NYE Awards

Winners of the 1960 clinical training awards offered by the New York East Conference Committee on Pastoral Care are the Rev. C. Edward Egan, Jr., of Roslyn Heights, N.Y., and the Rev. William J. Boone of Lake Ronkonkoma, N.Y.

They will serve for six weeks on a chaplain's staff. Mr. Egan will do his training at Massachusetts Mental Health Center in Boston and Mr. Boone will go to Albany General Hospital, New York, for his work.

The work will include hospitals calls, lectures by hospital staff members, reading assignments and written reports. The program is specifically designed to help ministers develop helpful attitudes and skills in their ministry.

15-Week TV Program

The co-operative effort of the New Jersey State Council of Churches and the Protestant Council of the City of New York in the field of broadcasting in the Metropolitan New York area is evidenced by a 15-week program which began June 6 at 6:30 a.m., on Channel 2.

Dean Stanley R. Hopper of Drew University is discussing *Religion in Modern Literature* and Professor Ralph O. Hjelm of Upsala College is speaking on *Introduction to Biblical Thought.*

Bethany Hospital Day

Queens Borough President John Clancy has issued a proclamation naming Sunday, June 26, as "Bethany Deaconess Hospital Day" in honor of the ground-breaking ceremonies for the hospital's new $75,000 wing on that date.

He presented the proclamation to Edwin H. Mueller, president, and Dr. Norman O. Edwards, administrator of the hospital, June 6, at Boro Hall.

Bishop Newell Cites Prospects for Union

Hopes were voiced at the General Conference that the drafting of a plan for organic union of the Evangelical-United Brethren Church and The Methodist Church may be completed in two years.

Such a plan, when prepared, would then be submitted to the E.U.B. General Conference in 1962 and the Methodist General Conference of 1964. Final ratification by the Annual Conferences of both denominations would probably be required before a merger would be effective.

Bishop Newell, chairman of the Commission on Church Union of The Methodist Church, reported on possible union with the E.U.B. Church and also on "conversations" with the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"Conversations with the Episcopalians have come to a period of quiescence," Bishop Newell reported. "It is unlikely that the Protestant Episcopal Church will take steps toward mutual recognition of ministers of, or intercommunion with The Methodist Church until after the Anglican bishops of the world meet again in 1968."

Discussions between Episcopalians and Methodists were instituted in 1948 by invitation of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Fourteen joint sessions have been held. Bishop Newell attributed the stalemate in negotiations to the failure of the 1958 Lambeth Conference to act on specific proposals coming from America.

An E.U.B.—Methodist merger is much closer in sight, Bishop Newell indicated.

"The theological beliefs of the two churches are practically identical," he said. "Also the *Discipline,* polity, and terminology are the same."

(Continued on page A-2)

Area Delegates Take Part in Historic Debate

The General Conference refused to set a target date for the abolition of its all-Negro Central Jurisdiction, the 788 delegates choosing to let the integration of Negro and white churches take its normal course under existing legal procedures.

Debate on the recommendation of the Commission to Study the Jurisdictional System that there be no basic change in the Central Jurisdiction was spirited, though not bitter, as feared.

The report was submitted by Charles C. Parlin, New York corporation lawyer, and chairman of the commission. It immediately drew fire from many northern delegates, mostly white. Chester A. Smith of Peekskill, N.Y., offered an amendment that the entire Jurisdictional system be abolished. "We would not have had Jurisdictions but for the segregated arrangement for the Negro Annual Conferences," he said. "The price was too great to pay for union. This conference cannot afford to take any action for which it will have to apologize. The eyes of the world are upon us, and we must do the will of Christ rather than compromise on this issue."

He was overwhelmingly defeated. Any effort to abolish the entire Jurisdictional system of the church would surely divide it again, in the opinion of most observers.

Several amendments offered proposals for speeding up integration in the church, but all were defeated. Dr. Harold Case, president of Boston University, suggested that the conference set a target date of 1968 for abolition of the Central Jurisdiction. He gained wide support. However, Mr. Parlin, who had the privilege of closing out each debate before motion was taken, pointed out that a "target date" had been widely considered by the commission, who thought it would be disastrous to the church. He maintained that the present permissive legislation is the more practical arrangement.

Dr. Loyd Worley of Hartford, Conn., offered a resoulation urging the Northeastern, North Central, and Western Jurisdictions to invite the Central Jurisdictional Conferences nearest them into their fellowship. This seemed sure of passage until it was pointed out that it offered nothing new; that the present law (Amendment IX) gives the privilege already. Dr. Lester W. Auman spoke at length in favor of Dr. Worley's amendment.

Several Negro delegates made it clear

that the Jurisdictional arrangement was entirely unsatisfactory to Negroes, and warned of the weakening influence of the church because of its segregational practice. Dr. Noah W. Moore, Jr., of Philadelphia, summed up the Negro's position by saying, "We are ready now—we have always been ready—but are you ready to have us?"

Jasper Machuri, a missions teacher from Mutumbara, Southern Rhodesia, told the conference that the world was watching to see "what the Methodists would do in Denver, if they would practice what they preach."

"When there are racial problems in other parts of the world, as in my country," he said, "America is the first to criticize the guilty, but it is a different story when the same problems arise in your own country."

The Rev. William James, New York Conference delegate also spoke strongly against the committee's recommendation.

Bishop Newell Cites

(Continued from page A-1)

The Evangelical-United Brethren Church has 750,000 members located almost entirely in the northeastern and north central states. The Methodist Church membership in the U.S. is 9,815,459.

"The main question to be resolved," Bishop Newell noted, "is to shape the proposed merger in a way that will prevent its seeming to be an absorption. "This might be accomplished, he said, by assurance of minority representation in the governing bodies of the merged church. While the integration of the two churches was in process such activities as the publishing houses, the universities, the mission stations, hospitals, and homes, would be controlled by boards in which former members of the E.U.B. Church would be substantially represented."

The Commission on Church Union, through Bishop Newell, recommended to the General Conference a strenghtening of relations between the world's forty independent bodies which sprang from the preaching and labors of John Wesley.

Bishop Newell recounted 79 years of fraternal fellowship between these several Methodist churches through decennial, and, more recently, quinquennial conferences.

"In the world trend toward unity, organic union of Methodists of the world may prove to be one of the first steps," Bishop Newell said. "In fact the time may be approaching when organic union with the Methodists of Great Britain and other countries should be seriously considered."

Elected to Home Board

Mrs. Stuart J. Marvin of Hollis, N.Y., has been elected president of the Board of Managers of the Brooklyn Methodist Episcopal Church Home. She succeeds Mrs. Frederick C. Klingsmith who has held the post for seven years.

New York Area Voices at General Conference

• The voice heard most emphatically and most frequently was that of Chester A. Smith of Peekskill, leader of the New York Conference delegation. Mr. Smith, who has attended every General Conference since 1916, fought adoption of the committee recommendation for continuation of segregation in the church. He also argued against giving financial support to the two Methodist seminaries (Duke and Candler) who do not admit Negro students, and fought for a more stringent stand against drinking.

Bishop Newell

• Bishop Newell delivered a devotional message on *Modern Measurements* stressing the necessity for determining one's breadth, length, depth, and height of life in today's secular world.

• Area men elected to general boards and agencies were the Rev. Dr. Lester W. Auman, Coordinating Council; the Rev. Dr. William H. Alderson, Commission on Entertainment and Program; Walter M. Megronigle, Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information; Charles C. Parlin, Commission on Church Union and Commission on Public Relations; Robert W. Preusch, Council on World Service and Finance.

• In his report for the Commission on Church Union, Bishop Newell introduced two visiting clergymen: Bishop Robert Gibson, Jr., Protestant Episcopal bishop of Virginia, and Bishop Reuben H. Mueller of the Evangelical-United Brethren Church.

• Bishop Newell also reported for the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief and introduced Bishop Herbert Welch and the Rev. Gaither Warfield, director of MCOR.

• Charles Parlin presented the reports for the committee which studied the jurisdictional system and the Committee on Church Union.

• The Rev. Dr. J. Edward Carothers moved to increase the World Service budget from $15 million to $17 million. The motion lost.

MacMurray College Head

The Rev. Dr. Gordon E. Michalson, former minister of the Westfield Methodist Church, has been named president of MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Ill., to succeed Dr. Louis W. Norris.

Dr. Michalson left Westfield in 1958 after six years as minister to become professor of historical theology at Garrett Biblical Institute.

Methodism's Distinguished Alumus . . .

Dr. Sockman Is Honored

More than 1,000 alumni of Methodist colleges, universities, and seminaries attended a Methodist alumni dinner April 28 at the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Denver, in connection with the General Conference.

Principal speaker was Alfred Barrett Sackett, former headmaster of Kingswood School in Bath, England, established in 1748 by John Wesley.

The Rev. Ralph W. Sockman was honored as "Distinguished Methodist Alumnus of the Year." He is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University. Ninety-seven-year-old Bishop Herbert Welch of New York City gave the invocation.

In the picture above, Bishop Paul N. Garber of Richmond, Va. (right), president of the Commission on Christian Higher Education, presents the award to Dr. Sockman.

Centenary Notes

The theme of the second biennial fine arts week was *The Fine Arts in Today's Culture.* Various branches of the arts were demonstrated in concerts, exhibits, and dramatic presentations.

•

Miss Kristen Ostergard of Canton, Ohio, represented Centenary as a Pocono Laurel Time Princess during the annual Laurel festival.

•

George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* was given five performances by the drama department.

•

Pipers and the chapel choir presented

JULY, 1960 Vol. 4, No. 7

TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by the Methodist Publishing House, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

New York Area—Bishop Frederick B. Newell.
Area Edition Editor—Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.

Subscriptions: Order through your local Methodist church. Basic rate under All-Family Plan is 65¢ a quarter ($2.60 a year) billed to the church. Individual subscriptions are $4 a year in advance. Single copy price, 50¢.

Second-class postage has been paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.

community concerts May 18 and 19. Guest star was Johnny Coates, jazz pianist.

•

Rare objects from the Orient were exhibited at Taylor Memorial Library in connection with the annual blossoming of the Japanese cherry trees. The objects were given the college by Miss Beatrice Keller, an alumna.

•

Dr. H. Graham DuBois of the humanities division was honored upon completion of 31 years' service. President Seay proclaimed May 15-21 "Dr. DuBois Week."

New Horizons

• Ground has been broken for a new church-school building by Grace Church, St. Albans, N.Y. It will cost $62,500 and will provide classrooms, an assembly hall and offices.

• Pine Grove Church, Colonie, N.Y., will add a $190,000 education unit.

• The new education building at Succasunna, N.J., was consecrated May 22. The cost was $114,000.

• The interiors of two Western District buildings have been renovated: Mount Bethel sanctuary and Vienna Community House.

• The Charlton School for delinquent girls near Burnt Hills, N.Y., plans to add a $70,000 dormitory. The directors have $22,500 and will start construction when half the full amount is obtained. Albany District Superintendent C. Walter Kessler has been added to the Board.

Honor Two Churchmen

More than 200 Vermonters paid tribute at a testimonial luncheon at the Hotel Vermont, Burlington, to the Rev. S. Wilson Francis, Burlington District superintendent, and Dr. Hobart F. Goewey, pastor of First Church for 10 years.

Mr. Francis has been named pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Church, Troy, and Dr. Goewey is the new superintendent of the Glens Falls District.

Prominent laymen and clergymen of several denominations cited the achievements of both leaders and presented gifts of Bibles.

Participants included the Right Rev. Vedder Van Dyck, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Vermont, Dean George V. Kidder of the University of Vermont, Dr. Ralph A. Noble, president of Vermont College, and Gordon H. Mills, editor of the *Burlington Free Press* which carried a congratulatory editorial.

Gifts were also presented Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Goewey by the Vermont Council of United Church Women.

Artist-nurse Gladys Cleveland presents her copy of Murillo's Santiago Madonna to Vernon Stutzman, director of Methodist Hospital, Brooklyn, in the hospital chapel.

Editor Writes History

The Rev. Robert Roy Wright, assistant book editor of Abingdon Press, is the author of *The Church's First Thousand Years.*

It reviews the history of the church from Pentacost to 1077 showing how it evolved as an organization, how it met enemy threats, how creed and worship developed and what led to the schism between East and West. It is one of the *Faith for Life* series.

Mr. Wright was educated at DePauw University and Columbia University. He served pastorates at East Northport and Smithtown, N.Y., and Bethel, Conn.

Drew News

• Dr. Benjamin F. Kimpel, professor of Philosophy in the Liberal Arts College, has been appointed one of the three judges in the international essay contest of the Philosophical Library for 1961.

• Dr. Sherman Plato Young, professor of Latin and Greek at the Liberal Arts College, presented a paper entitled, *The Forgotten Women of Greek Drama,* at the Thirteenth Annual Foreign Language Conference at the University of Kentucky.

• More than 400 prospective students participated in the 12th annual open house on the campus.

New York East delegates at General Conference (l. to r.) front row, Dr. Henry Whyman, Dr. Lloyd Worley, Dr. W. H. Alderson, Dr. L. W. Auman, Dr. H. Roy Brennan; second row, A. E. Raynor, Mrs. Brennan, Robert Preusch, Louis Hauser, Ethel Johnson.

General Conference debate interests New York delegates (l. to r.) front row, P. R. Russell, the Rev. William James, Chester A. Smith; second row, George Northrup, the Rev. Elmer B. Bostock, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman (partially hidden behind Mr. Smith).

The Short Circuit

New member of Board of Directors of Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn, is William T. Staubach, Jr., of Pelham Manor, N.Y. He is lay leader of First Church, Mt. Vernon.

Mr. Staubach

On his way to Limerick, Ireland, to address Irish Methodists on the 200th anniversary of their departure for America, Dr. Lowell M. Atkinson preached in a former parish, Marston Road Congregational Church in Oxford. He was interim pastor there in 1949.

The Newark Conference has a busy season planned for Northern District laymen. They have already scheduled a churchmanship training conference September 23-25; participation in a Conference mass meeting November 18 and a lay leaders' training session January 17, 1961.

Two veteran church treasurers have been honored in the Newark Conference Western District. Mrs. F. A. F. Hoagan was given a testimonial dinner after 40 years' service at the Newfoundland Church. At Chatham, the Quarterly Conference presented Fred W. Engelman a framed citation upon completion of 25 years as treasurer.

The Rev. Lester L. Haws of First Church, Yonkers, N.Y., will preach July 10, 17, and 24 at Failsworth Methodist Church, Manchester, England; July 31 and August 7 in Streatham Congregational Church, London; and August 14 at Mitcham Parl Methodist Church, Surrey.

The Vienna (N.J.) Church is celebrating its 150th anniversary.

Madison (N.J.) Methodists have burned their $30,000 mortgage, six years ahead of schedule.

Green Mountain Peeks!

With approximately 175 candidates for graduation, the college commencement was held June 12. The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Lawrence E. Toombs, associate professor of Old Testament at Drew Seminary. The commencement address was given by Dr. Thomas H. Carroll, vice-president of the Ford Foundation.

President Raymond A. Withey has been appointed a member of the Commission on Legislation of the American Association of Junior Colleges.

The climax of a Fine Arts Week and Parents" spring weekend saw over five hundred parents and guests crowd the Green Mountain campus.

Vermont Hilltopics

The May issue of *The Hilltopper* publication of Vermont College at Montpeier features a sketch of a proposed new administration and classroom building on the cover.

The admissions director reports all dormitory space filled for 1960-61 with a waiting list of applicants.

Lt. Governor Robert S. Babcock delivered the commencement address and Dr. John C. Huden of the University of Vermont delivered the baccalaureate address.

In Memoriam

TROY CONFERENCE

The Rev. Mark Kelley
April 21, 1960

The Rev. Claude V. Winch
April 15, 1960

Dianne Wittine, 20,000 baby born at Bethany Deaconess Hospital, and mother Mrs. Justine Wittine, Nurse Patricia Karshna.

Pastor R. A. Purnell (left) and the Revs. E. S. Jackson, E. A. Hartney, and A. B. Moss celebrated Penataguit's 150th year.

Dr. Allen Leaming Weatherby (right), new Drew Liberal Arts College dean, chats with Drew President Fred Holloway.

Nine hundred Area Methodists honored Bishop and Mrs. Newell at a banquet at the Commodore Hotel, New York. They are shown with Dr. Ralph Sockman, toastmaster. Speakers were Charles C. Parlin, Bishops W. Earl Ledden, Fred Corson, Herbert Welch.

Follow-the-leader: Bug fans (at left) find each jaunt an adventure. Overnight their tracks may vanish.

***Roundup time:** Keeping sand out of sandwiches is a neat trick when dunebuggin' families gather for desert picnics. But at least they're not bothered by ants.*

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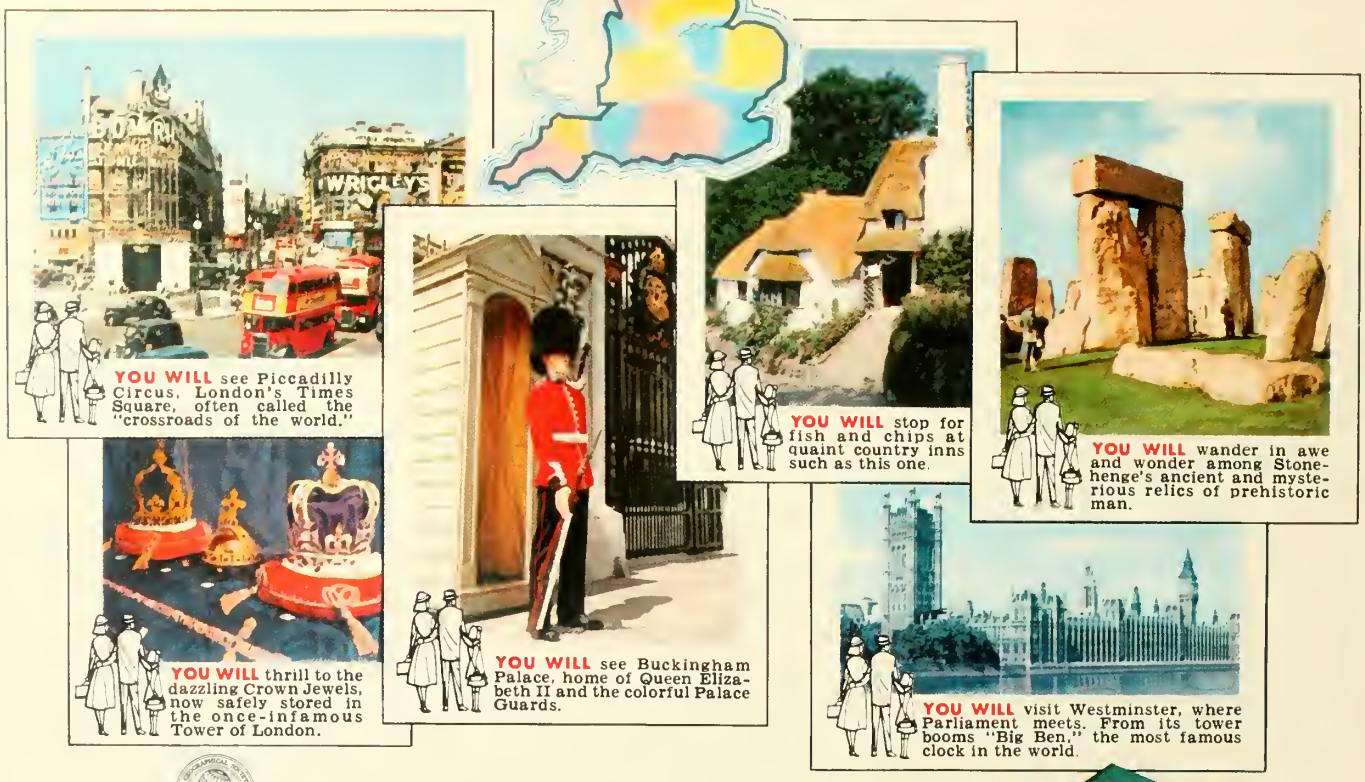

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